

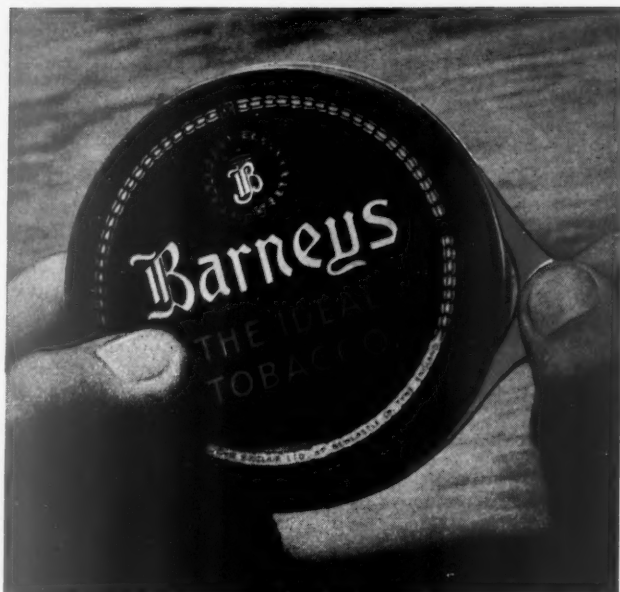
PERIODICAL

PUNCH

SEPTEMBER
28
1949

Vol. CCXVII
No. 5678

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



In praise of Barneys ...humour from Lancs., romance out of the Persian Gulf

From Bury in Lancashire to the Persian Gulf is a tidy stretch, geographically and otherwise. Yet from both these places Barneys wins commendation, as under . . . for good stuff ever travels far.

To John Sinclair, Ltd.

Bury, Lancs., 26/4/49

Dear Sirs,

Although I have not yet had the good fortune to discover Tins of Barneys on the lofty summit of Everest, in the burning sands of the Gobi Desert, or under the seat of the "Red Arrow" to Lugano, but merely obtained mine in the conventional way by paying for it at the corner shop, I still find Punchbowl the most satisfying Tobacco obtainable for my comparatively humdrum existence. I remain,

Yours faithfully,

And now from somewhere East of Suez (merely the tail-end of an acknowledgment of safe arrival of further Supplies):

Kuwait, Persian Gulf, 14 May, '49

. and to assure you that so long as you can supply me with Barneys I am content to smoke and enjoy it as I always do.

TO YOUNGER SMOKERS, EVERYWHERE!

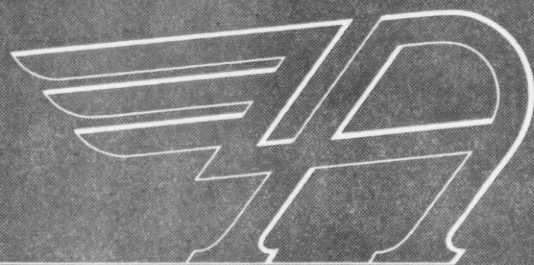
Two generations of Pipemen have been recommending Barneys to other Smokers because of its sheer goodness. Wisely you may follow their friendly lead. Smokers abroad can arrange for regular personal despatches, Ex-bond and British Duty Free, in 2 lb. parcels, to many lands but not, as yet, to all.

★ Punchbowl (full), Barneys (medium), and Parsons Pleasure (mild). Home Prices 4/3½d. oz.

(312) John Sinclair Ltd., Manufacturers, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Eng. ®

THE MOTOR SHOW EARLS COURT
LONDON · SEPTEMBER 28-OCTOBER 8

At
Earls Court
it's
AUSTIN



STAND 145

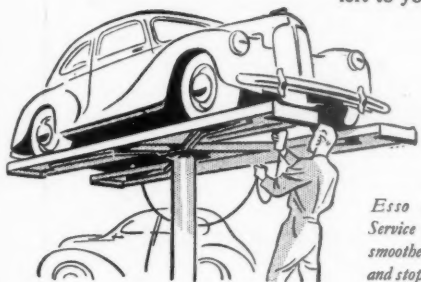
—almost a Motor Show in itself!

Two new Austins—the A90 'Atlantic' Sports Saloon and the long wheelbase A125 'Shearline' Limousine—plus the popular A40, A70, A90 and A125 models make this the most comprehensive range of cars ever shown at Earls Court. Marine engines—Stand 52.

AUSTIN—you can depend on it!

Care saves wear

Few new cars—few good used ones! Care never meant so much as it does today. Give your car the attention you know it needs and remember some jobs are best left to your garage.



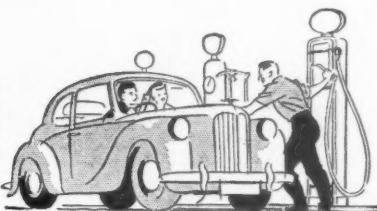
Esso Lubrication Service will give you smoother riding now and stop trouble developing later.

Adjust your carburettor to get the best out of present day petrols. We hope Esso quality petrols will be back in the not too distant future.



And don't forget to watch your dipstick. Top up frequently with Essolube and drain and refill the sump at the recommended intervals.

Always insist on Esso. That's your best guarantee of good motoring as your dealer will tell you—and he knows...



It pays to say

Esso

FOR ALL PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

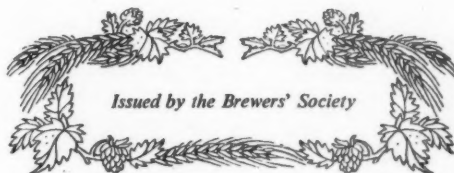
ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL COMPANY LIMITED



Food in Pubs

It is the aim of the brewing industry to encourage the serving of food in public houses by providing facilities for catering wherever it is practicable to do so. The licensee is, however, obliged to secure a permit from the food authorities before he can serve even sandwiches made with lettuces and tomatoes from his own garden, and to do this he must produce evidence of genuine consumer need.

Where consumer need has been proved "the trade" can point to evidence of remarkable progress. For example, one brewing firm recently announced that an average of more than 141,000 main meals were served weekly in its houses. Again, to quote an independent observer (Mr. Maurice Gorham in his new book "Back to the Local"): "Before the war it could be claimed that London pubs provided as good food of its kind as you could get in England . . . Food is a problem now for the pubs as for everybody else, but the machinery remains the same. You can still find everything varying from the separate restaurant to the dish of sandwiches on the bar."



Issued by the Brewers' Society



*Americans dream
of a British hotel
But the motorist
only dreams of*

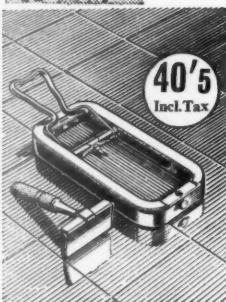


—and when the days of “Pool petrol only” are over, you will find once more that—you can be sure of Shell.

“I got him a Rolls Razor and he said



*‘Fancy having
a wife who
buys you the
World’s Best!’”*



A Rolls Razor is a lordly gift to receive, a luxury to use, an economy to own. For its one hollow-ground blade lasts for years and keeps its edge in fine fettle by stropping and honing itself. Give him a Rolls Razor, the World’s Finest Safety, and you give him a satin-smooth chin for the rest of his life.

ROLLS RAZOR LTD.
Sales Works & Service, London, N.W.2.
Showrooms, (Callers only)
193, Regent Street, London, W.1.

ROLLS RAZOR

Superbly designed — Beautifully made
Makers also of VICEROY Electric and Non-Electric Dry Shavers

RB3



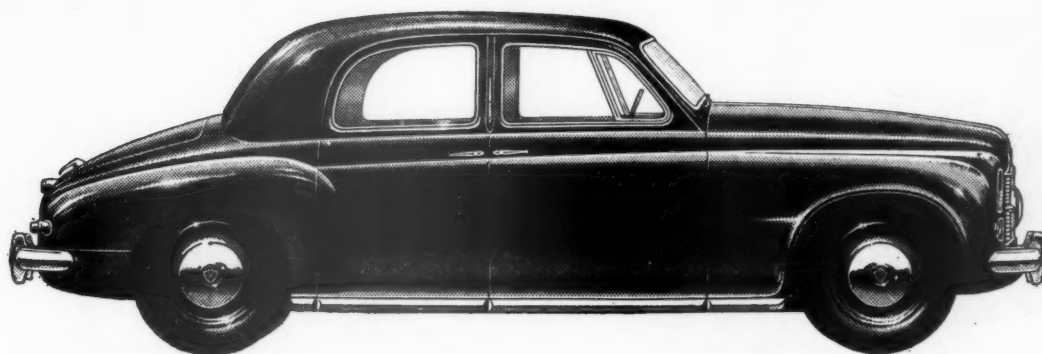
The Original Cellar

SEPPELTSFELD

THE building shown above is the original cellar constructed by Mr. J. E. Seppelt after he took up land in South Australia, now known as Seppeltsfield, in 1851 and commenced wine making. Bringing to the new country all the arts and crafts of an ancient industry, in this building Mr. Seppelt had laid the foundation of what was to become the largest family-owned organisation in existence. Extra Dry Solero . . . Imperial Reserve Para . . . Chateau Tanunda Brandy . . . products of the House of Seppelt.

THE HOUSE OF SEPPELT

ONE FAMILY — ONE TRADITION
88 CANNON STREET . LONDON . E.C.4



The new Rover Seventy-Five

Progress in profile! Everyone knew that when a new Rover made its appearance, it would not only be an uncommonly fine motor car, but would be of a design prescribed not by fashion but by sound engineering advances. Here it is — the new Rover Seventy-Five, a worthy successor in a high quality lineage, and the latest of Britain's Fine Cars.

MORE ECONOMICAL

Although it has a brilliant performance, the Rover 75 engine uses considerably less petrol than units of similar size. The new aluminium cylinder head and built-in manifold are largely responsible, and the low wind resistance of the car contributes to exceptionally low petrol consumption.

Maintenance costs are reduced by the elimination of chassis lubrication, and the new coachwork is exceptionally easy to keep clean.

SAFER

A lower and wider body with corresponding improvement in road holding. The wide one-piece windscreen curves back to the raked front pillars, and together with the sloped bonnet and lower radiator gives a much wider field of vision.

FASTER

The remarkable Rover 75 engine is the basis of the new power unit, but has a new light alloy cylinder head giving increased power and economy. Its efficiency is further improved by the low wind resistance of the new body design. Low centre of gravity and improved suspension give appreciably faster cornering and increased average speed.

MORE COMFORTABLE

Despite its lower overall height, the new Rover 75 gives more room from floor to roof. Much greater elbow room too. The deep sprung bench type front seat takes three, and the gear change lever is moved to the steering column. Rear passengers ride well forward of the rear axle.

Improved built-in heating and ventilation system enables temperature to be exactly controlled over a wide range.

ROVER

One of Britain's Fine Cars



THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED SOLIHULL BIRMINGHAM & DEVONSHIRE HOUSE LONDON

Ask the man who knows best



Firestone
BEST TODAY • STILL BETTER TOMORROW

Ask the man who *sells* tyres

The man who sells tyres knows what's best for your purpose. It matters little to him which make you buy. But it does matter that he satisfies his customers. That's why he'll be glad to guide your choice—and why you can trust his recommendation.

Visit us at Stand No. 213, Motor Show, Earls Court

"It's a birdie!"



This firm-standing Moccasin Shoe with turf-hugger studs; the choice of the serious golfer or, without studs, for the countryman. Waterproof with its double upper, soundly constructed to the Moccasin standard, it's a shoe to ask for at your Moccasin shop.

Moccasin
VELDTSCHOEN
FOR GOLF OR THE COUNTRY



If you have any difficulty in obtaining Moccasin shoes please write to Padmore & Barnes Ltd., Northampton.

Every car will have
LUXURY COMFORT
when fitted with

MOSELEY
"Float-On-Air"
PNEUMATIC UPHOLSTERY
THE SEAT YOU SIT IN—NOT ON

Far greater comfort per mileage—no more sagging cushions—no rolling—the new "Float-on-Air" ensures you sit as comfortably 2, 3, 4, yes even 12 years after, as the day you installed your cushions. Write now for FREE

"Float-on-Air" booklet to David Moseley & Sons Ltd., Ardwick, Manchester, 12. *MOSELEY also make many other Rubber Products, including Hose, Belting and Elastic Thread for Braid and Golf Balls.*



EST.

1833

DAVID MOSELEY & SONS LIMITED

Ardwick, Manchester, 12. ARDwick 3341

53/55, New Bond Street, London, W.1

54, George Rd. (Islington Row), Edgbaston, Birmingham, 15



BY APPOINTMENT
To H.M. King George VI
BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LIMITED

BOOTH'S
DRY GIN



*Definitely
Superior!*

MAXIMUM PRICES IN U.K.
32/4 PER BOTTLE: 16/11 HALF BOTTLE
THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE
SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE



Safety fast!

Wherever there's a gathering of fine British cars, it goes without saying that MG will be there. We're looking forward to seeing you at the Motor Show.

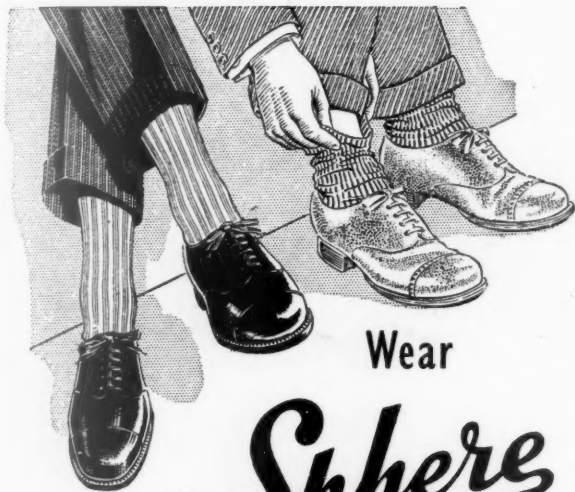
STAND 154, GROUND FLOOR, EARLS COURT

THE MG CAR COMPANY LTD., SALES DIVISION, COWLEY, OXFORD

Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford, and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1



Don't pull your socks up!



Wear

Sphere

BROADWAY SUSPENDERS

SPHERE SUSPENDERS, BRACES, BELTS AND GARTERS
STAND PRE-EMINENT

A2392

Hunt & Winterbotham

THE MOST FAMOUS NAME IN BRITISH WOOLLENS

Cloth by the yard

This country makes the world's finest woollen cloths—from featherweight tropicals to sturdy tweeds and for the first time those who appreciate perfection may choose from 2000 patterns carefully selected from Britain's best.

FINE CLOTH DESERVES
FINE TAILORING

4 Old Bond Street, W.

Heads of State



heads of firms

and heads ahead of most

wear hats by....



162 Piccadilly (Corner of St. James's Street),
and from the best men's shops everywhere

COLLIER'S
Corsair
REGD.



FOR CASUAL WEAR
(NO NAILS)



Every man will appreciate the supreme comfort of these shoes. Made without nails and with new style vertical welts, with leather or crepe soles, their perfected process of manufacture is protected by provisional patent No. 6559/49. Lilley & Skinner, Stylo, Hiltons, "Shoe Box Shops," and other high class stores stock them, prices from 55/11 to 63/11.

THE COLES BOOT CO. LTD., BURTON LATIMER, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, ENGLAND

Introducing ...



*Britain's New
Light Car*

STAND 142 EARLS COURT

TRIUMPH

MAYFLOWER

Manufactured by THE TRIUMPH MOTOR CO. (1945) LTD., COVENTRY. A subsidiary of the Standard Motor Co., Ltd.
LONDON: 37, DAVIES ST., GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1. TEL: MAY 5011

It is, perhaps, not odd that the best chairs in the club are so often occupied by men reading 'Punch'. Such men are men of taste, substance, and not infrequently of full habit. Individualists, they rebel at uniformity. Their possessions, cherished as much for their own sake as for their function, reflect a nostalgia for the work of the craftsman. Their shoes are a fitting example—by Church's of Northampton.



DIPLOMAT—*a distinguished semi-brogue, on last '73'. Several fittings for every size, in brown or black calf.*



made by Church's of Northampton

Church's famous English shoes

JAEGER

UNDERWEAR



FOR MEN. It's good wool you want—it must be designed to fit comfortably and still look good. So go where our fathers went—to Jaeger of course. There are Vests and Athletic Shorts 22/5 each. Ankle length pants 25/6 and of course the famous Jaeger dressing-gowns from £7.18.6.



Also Jaeger "everyday" socks, ribbed and in twelve attractive shades

Size 10-11½ 5/3
Size 12 5/5

GO TO YOUR NEAREST
JAEGER SHOP

*Cheer up old suits
with new ties . . .*

they're washable

they're crease-resisting

they're money savers



Thanks to Tootal you can now maintain a battery of morale-building ties at far less cost than you ever expected; ties of lasting good looks because . . .

They wash. Lining and tie are carefully fitted and stitched together, so that washed with ordinary care they do not twist or pull against each other. And the colours are quite safe. They are covered by the Tootal guarantee.

They're crease-resisting.

The crease-resisting finish used in the making of cloth delays that ageing creased look round the knot of the tie. You will see the trade mark **TEBILIZED** on the Tootal Tie label. It stands for fabrics with tested crease-resistance.

TOOTAL

TIES

crease-resisting
and washable

2/9 Popular Standard 3/6 & Sports 5/- Special

All prices include Purchase Tax. 'Tootal' and 'Tebilized' are Registered Trade Marks



Such rich lather,
such a fragrant
perfume

8 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

Embassy Soap

A. & F. FEARS LTD., LONDON

FY 24/96/60

the home-help who lives in!



Have you got Mr. Therm busy helping you in all the washday ways he can? You'll be delighted to find how hard work and worry go out of your home when modern gas equipment comes in. See the whole range of home laundry helps at your Gas Showrooms.

*Mr Therm
burns to
serve you!*

GAS

MAKE WISE USE OF

Issued by The Gas Council

For
Town or Country

The Silent Sports Car



The 4½ Litre
BENTLEY
Mark VI

BENTLEY MOTORS (1931) LTD., 14-15 CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1



the bed's warm ... they're Blansheets

No fear of that first agonising, icy contact with the sheets—these are Blansheets, softly textured to welcome you warmly and lap you in night-long luxury. And don't imagine their pleasant, downy texture will trouble sensitive

skins; it won't because they're cotton all through. They wash and boil, too, as easily as any ordinary shivery sheet—every week if you like! Write for the Blansheet book 'Warm Welcome' sent free. Dept. 26A, Vantona Household Advice Bureau.



Vantona Blansheets

GIVE YOU A WARM WELCOME

In white or pastel shades of blue, green, rose or gold
From 8/- (30" x 40") to 51/11d. (90" x 108") each, according to size

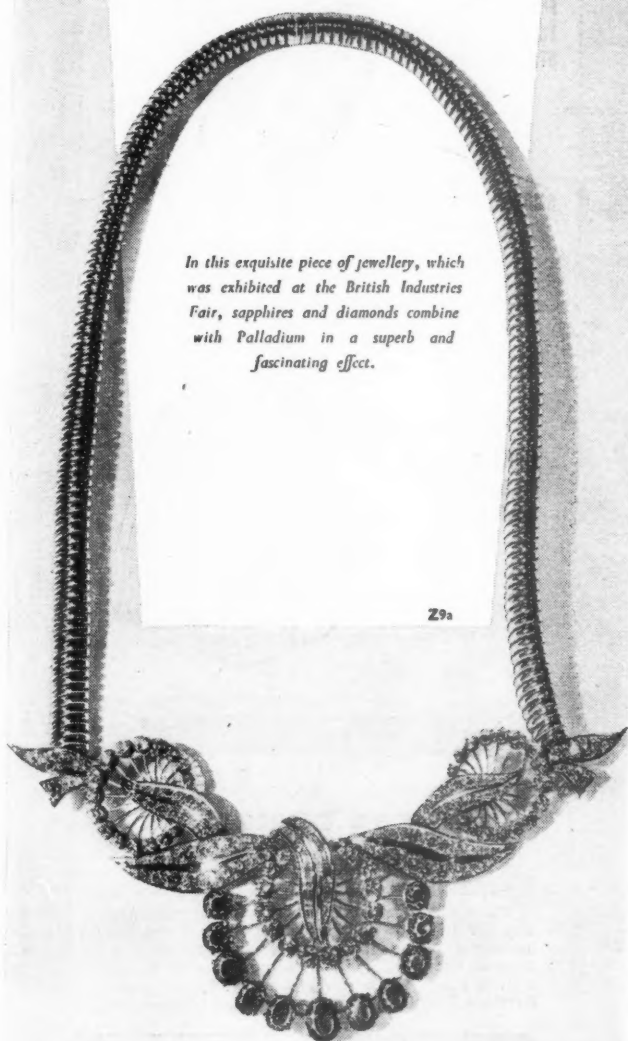
Vantona Textiles Ltd., 107, Portland St., Manchester 1

PALLADIUM

Gold, platinum. . . and palladium—three precious metals for fine jewellery. Palladium, rarer than gold and having the whiteness characteristic of platinum, is lighter and less costly than either. Ask your jeweller about Palladium for modern settings.

In this exquisite piece of jewellery, which was exhibited at the British Industries Fair, sapphires and diamonds combine with Palladium in a superb and fascinating effect.

29a



PLATINUM METALS DIVISION
The Mond Nickel Company Limited
Sunderland House, Curzon Street, London, W.1

COUNTY CLASSIC FELTS
by

MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE

The First Name in
Fashion

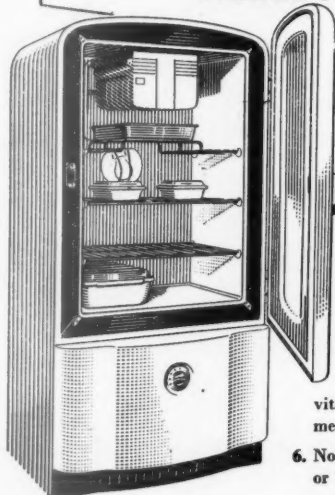


"COUDRAY" is a most becoming
FELT HAT in Carbis Gold, Autumn
Rust, Winterblu, Manchu, New Sage and
other colours. Sizes 6½ and 7½. 59/6

Wherever you are, look to
Marshall & Snelgrove for FASHION
LONDON - BIRMINGHAM - MANCHESTER
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BRADFORD

YOUR NEW REFRIGERATOR

**THE
"English Electric"
MODEL 64**



**SIX POINTS
OF SUPERIORITY**

1. Over 6 cubic feet storage space
2. Fast-freezing, silent running unit, guaranteed 5 years
3. 'Ritemp' control gives nine temperature settings
4. Makes 40 cubes (4 lb.) of ice
5. Elegant cabinet with vitreous enamel food compartment
6. No interference with Television or Radio

Write for leaflet and name of nearest dealer to:—

THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC COMPANY LTD
Domestic Appliance Dept. H.64, QUEENS HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

DRINK

**EVANS'
CIDER**

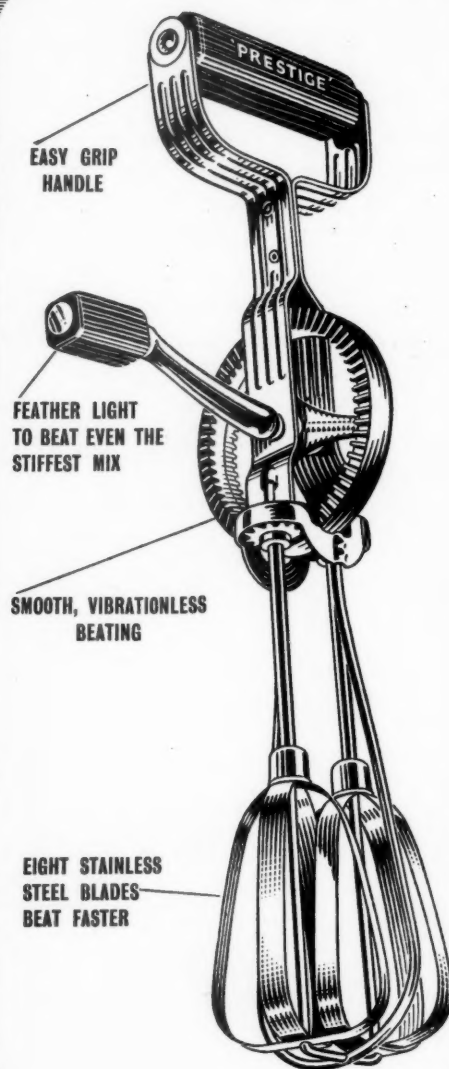
from the
**"GOLDEN PIPPIN"
MILLS**

*You'll
enjoy it*

SOLE MAKERS
WILLIAM EVANS & CO. (HEREFORD AND DEVON) LTD.
WIDEMARSH, HEREFORD. Established 1850.



TRADE MARK
(Regd.)



**This egg beater
lasts a lifetime!**

At last—an Egg Beater that does *all* the beating jobs in the kitchen, smoother, faster and without effort. The 'Prestige' is designed especially for the busy housewife. Consider its features and remember it's made to last a lifetime. It's the perfect gift. It costs a little more, but it's worth it . . . 21/- (including Purchase Tax) from all good Stores and Ironmongers.

'PRESTIGE' EGG BEATER

Keeping down the Cost of Living

HOOVER LIMITED AND A STABLE NATIONAL ECONOMY

TODAY, as Government appeals are constantly stressing, the need to keep down prices is of paramount importance. National policy and Hoover policy, therefore, are very much in line. For, since the War, Hoover prices have been kept as close as possible to the pre-war level and, in fact, Model 612, the latest Hoover Cleaner, sells at the same figure as its corresponding pre-war model (plus, of course, purchase tax).

Indeed, until 1946 all Hoover prices were pre-war, and although eventually the prices of some models were forced up slightly, the overall increase today is still only 10% above 1939 price levels.

Further evidence of the Hoover policy of keeping down costs is shown by the introduction of the Hoover Electric Washing Machine at only £25 (plus tax), and by the very moderate prices of Hoover F.H.P. motors.

The highest possible quality at the lowest possible price still remains the Hoover policy.

HOOVER LIMITED

Factories at

PERIVALE, MIDDLESEX · CAMBUSLANG, SCOTLAND
MERTHYR TYDFIL, SOUTH WALES · HIGH WYCOMBE

North Country Quality



We, Hindhaugh's from the North of England, pride ourselves on our Self-raising Flour: if we should seem vain, we urge as our extenuation the many pleasing letters we receive about it.

In the year 1796, John Hindhaugh started work in the old Gallowgate Mill which was soon to become his own. To maintain the honest standard of those days we constantly strive . . . which is one of the reasons why we believe our Self-raising Flour is amongst the best you can buy to-day.

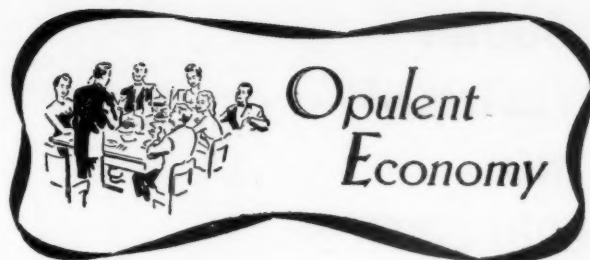
HINDHAUGHS

Self raising FLOUR

NOW AVAILABLE IN THE SOUTH

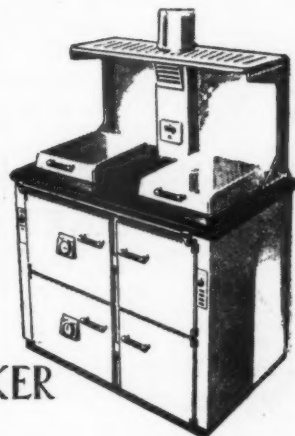
In the manner of most good things, its Fame has travelled. Proudful Home-bakers in the South Country may now obtain supplies in 1, 3 & 6lb. bags from HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1

Issued by Hindhaugh's Ltd., 38, Cloth Market, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1



A contradiction in terms? Certainly not. Any woman, admiring the gleaming surfaces of a range which cooks for twenty guests, is likely to call it opulent, and realising how little fuel it uses, will certainly call it economical.

The Advance Cooker No. 1 provides sufficient hotplate and oven space to cater for twenty people—or even thirty with an auxiliary oven. It will burn night and day with the minimum of solid fuel, replenished only once in twenty-four hours—or twice when using coke. Here is a cooker to save time, work, health and temper—the Advance Cooker No. 1. Write for folder number 30, which tells you all about it.



ADVANCE COOKER

EAGLE RANGE & GRATE CO. LTD. WILSONS & MATHIESONS LTD. PARK FOUNDRY CO. LTD.
ASTON · BIRMINGHAM · 6 ARMLEY · LEEDS · 12 GELPER · DERBYSHIRE
3531D



Vita-Weat

by PEEK FREAN



By Appointment
Peek Frean & Co., Ltd.
Biscuit & Vita-Weat
Crispbread Manufacturers

Those crunchy, golden-brown slices of Vita-Weat not only look good and taste good—they do you good. They're packed with the goodness of the whole-wheat grain.



**SOUND
INVESTMENT
NO
DEPRECIATION**

2 $\frac{1}{4}$ %
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Tax paid by
the Society

99 BAKER ST., LONDON W.1.
WELBECK 0028

★ Write for 1948 Balance Sheet

**Isle of THANET
BUILDING
SOCIETY**

FOUNDED 1850
ASSETS
STABILITY £6,000,000

Please send me brochure about investing £1
to £5,000 with safety and profit.

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Address _____

P.H.

FELLS



*Shippers of
fine wines
for a
century*



John E. Fells & Sons Ltd 56-58 Tooley St. S.E.1

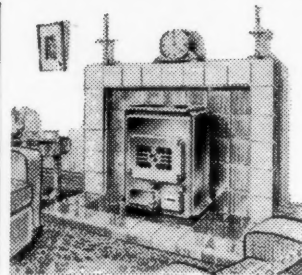
Rayon
in your home

More and more in the modern home,
you rely on rayon for beauty and com-
fort. Rayon by itself, or used with wool,
cotton, or silk, provides a host of things
to delight the house-proud. Rayon goes
to make your sheets and pillowslips . . .
your bedcovers and tablecloths . . . your
curtains and carpets and chaircovers.
The complete list is very long, and all
the time it grows longer still, as in-
creasingly the beauty of rayon becomes
appreciated, and its versatility realised.

Courtaulds

THE GREATEST NAME
IN RAYON

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*Fit a
SIESTA
to your Hearth*

The good-looking SIESTA can easily be fitted to your present fireplace. Its colour can tone with your room and it will keep spotless for years with an occasional rub down with a damp cloth. The SIESTA provides ample warmth and is designed for economical burning of coke, anthracite coal or commercial fuels. There are four models, free-standing, and inset, either with or without Boilers, all finished in highest quality vitreous enamel in Brown, Stone-Mottle, Fawn-Mottle, Beige-Mottle, Green or Black. Ask your Ironmonger about SIESTA to-day. No purchase tax—no licence required—prompt delivery.

Siesta
STOVES

Good news for connoisseurs!
Some Stuart Crystal, hitherto reserved for export, is now appearing in the shops. This delicate decanter set is one of the charming designs now available.



Stuart Crystal



Artistry
 "Art is the expression of man's joy in his work."
 Among fine examples of the craftsman's art is this Astronomical Clock with enamelled silver dial (Augsburg 1584) in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London.



THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

Rolls Royce Limited, 14-15 Conduit Street, London, W.1.



Whatever the pleasure

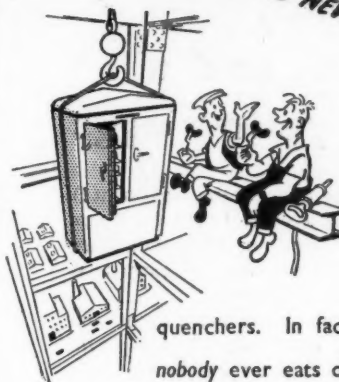


Player's

complete it

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES • MEDIUM OR MILD
 [NCC 713]

STEELWORKERS NEVER EAT SAUSAGES



—neither, of course, do plasterers ever eat plaice, just as quarrymen never drink

quenchers. In fact, when you think of it, nobody ever eats or drinks anything

—fresher than fresh from a

Kelvinator

KELVINATOR ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION

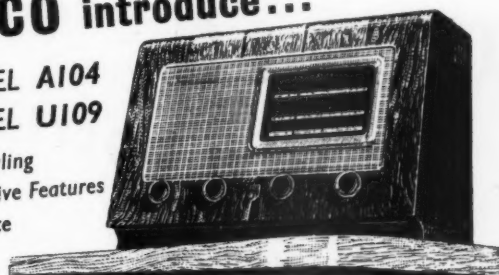
—the progressive dealer's service for the better protection of all perishable foods.

KELVINATOR LIMITED CREWE AND LONDON

EKCO introduce...

MODEL A104
 MODEL U109

New Styling
 Distinctive Features
 Low Price



Ekco proudly introduce a new face in radio—table models of the utmost distinction, quality-engineered throughout and in the Ekco tradition for reliability and value. Keep in touch with your Ekco dealer and arrange for a demonstration of these new models—A104 (A.C.) and U109 (Universal), as soon as they arrive.

- ★ 5-valve superhet giving outstanding performance and exceptional sensitivity on long, medium and short wavebands.
- ★ Large, generously planned tuning scale, brilliantly illuminated and correctly angled for easy vision.
- ★ Pickup and extension speaker sockets with muting screw. Inbuilt aerial for areas of good signal strength.
- ★ Superb walnut veneer cabinet.
- ★ Florentine gold moulded speaker fret—protective, durable and easy to keep clean.
- ★ New type controls, rimmed in clear plastic.
- ★ Made throughout to Ekco standards of complete reliability.

EKCO

EKCO MODELS A104 and U109
 on show at
**RADIOLYMPIA
 STAND No. 58**

Scale already adjusted to the new wavelengths coming into force in March 1950 (Copenhagen plan). Mask supplied for present wavelengths.

Model A104 for A.C. mains, including tax **22 GNS.**

Model U109 for AC/DC mains, including tax **22 GNS.**

Most Ekco Dealers can offer you attractive H.P. facilities

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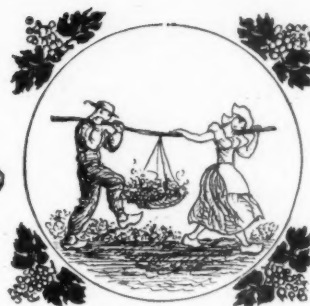
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PUNCH

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



CHARIVARIA

A WRITER recommends the Pass of Llanberis in Wales as one of the prettiest in Britain. But nowadays you don't have to go to Wales to come to a pretty pass.

Contemporary History

"EUROPE: THE LAST FIVE CENTS."

Liverpool bookseller's list

"Race-horses will have to be more carefully groomed," says a well-known vet. They never know when they'll be filmed in a photo-finish.



Strict training for the football season should now, we are reminded, be in full swing. So don't forget to get an exercise-book and practise your ones, twos and crosses.

"High collars are uncomfortable, but soft collars I abominate," says

a dancing instructor. Why not hard and low—as in Rugby football?

"Naval Pensioner and wife, first-class caretakers, offices, flats, catering, books, 'phone, etc. Take anything."

Advt. in "Daily Telegraph"

They should confine themselves to care if they want to keep out of trouble.

A cook-general has written a novel. Reviewers say it is full of new situations.

An architect complains that some of our post-war houses have been erected so quickly that they have practically no foundations. That's the worst of starting at the television aerial and working downwards.

"GIRL RIDER WINS RACE FOR BATH"

"Daily Express"

She has been asked to leave her bicycle downstairs in future.

Housewives who complain that the egg ration is insufficient should be reminded that un œuf is as good as a feast.

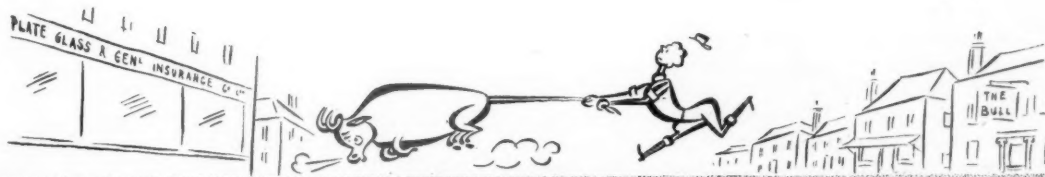
Holiday-makers overseas often get a shock when they look at their weight-cards. Hence the rumour at some resorts that the pound had gone down to twelve ounces.



"To-day I drove a new American car that does not have any gears. This car makes the left foot obsolete. There is no clutch pedal."—"Daily Express"

By the time they've abolished the brakes we're going to have a hard time getting in and out.

A four-year-old bull that escaped from a Suffolk farm during the afternoon, returned of its own accord later in the day. It was probably early-closing day for china-shops.



A GREAT NATURALIST

I HAVE been asked by an angler whether the Old Man who wrote of artyfichall flees in Derbyshire a hundred and sixty years ago made no use of the live Green Drake which Charles Cotton recommends for daping, dabbing, or dibbing "wherein you are always to have your line flying before you up and down the river as the wind serves."

This question I cannot answer: I can only say that the Old Man had as great a reverence for the natural flee as he had for all the wild things of the woods and streams.

He reminds me not a little of Melampus in George Meredith's poem:

*For him the woods were a home and gave him the key
Of knowledge, first for their treasures in herbs and
flowers*

*The secrets held by the creatures nearer than we
To earth he sought, and the link of their life with ours.*

Only of course his spelling was different. Of live insects he says simply this:

"When you have made a Artyfichall flee as nate as hand can make It is a thousand times behind a natural one when dressed with the natest meaterills—When wee come to examine thoes small beautyfull tender delagate and nate water bred Duns that ought to be the Anglers copping—I can find no room for coace meaterills—the natest are very coace when compared."

Here is the humility of a true craftsman; yet coupled with how much skill! For I have been asked also what the Old Man means by the words "Yallow carritted stuff." This question I can answer, for he tells us himself.

"Take the white part of a hare or rabbitts belley—Then take one tablespoonful of Aquafortis and tow of water Mixt them together—Then by the acistance of a ragg at the end of a short stick and a fark to keep your fingers from being bruned—Lay the hares belley upon a plate—and with acistance of the fark hould it fast and wet it well down to the roots with the mop—then hould it before the foir with the fark untill itt is gone Yallow—When Yallow enough wash it well in Cowl water to kill the Aquafortis and when droy itt is fitt for use—This and a little blew rabbitt well mixt will be made to any shade suitable for all the Dun flees that is required in the art a Artyfichall flee making."

I have only to say the words aloud and the Old Man stands before me. I can hear his accents better than, by reading their poems, I can hear the voices of Burns or Barnes.

How excellent he is on the small Catterpillar—

"You may depend the Catterpillar is a Bluidy killing flee dewring there short stay upon the water . . . I have seen all the trouts in the water—some with there back fines out of the water—taking this flee and casley would the be putt of there feed the have been so determened."

Or on the little sky blue—

"This is a small water bred flee always found about Stones—Thoes Stones witch the top stand out of the water—Were the strame or weaves are constantly working—and by the frickshone laves a gluetoness on the Stone of witch the feed."

Or on the Stream flee, whatever on earth, air, weed or water he may mean by that—

"Towards the Evening after a Hott day you will see hundreds fleeing in Buncheses over the Strames."

But you are not perhaps interested in angling. You cultivate a different garden. Then let the Old Man tell you, as he does—and they are almost the last words of his treatise—a thing that every housewife ought to know.

"HOW TO KILL MOUTS.

A sure and safe Medson to destroye Mouts or Mites that may happen to come into your baggs drawers or books

2 oz. Bruned Allum

2 oz. Ground Black Pepper

6 Drames of Camphere

2 Drames of White Hasnick

All pounded fine and a little thrown into your Drawers Baggs or Books—A sure Quir."

I take it that Hasnick is what we, in our vulgar way, call arsenic; so that if the mixture is compounded in the kitchen it should be kept as far away as possible from the soup.

You may think I have taken up too much space in quotations from the work of an author who is not primarily a man of letters. Yet he had some knowledge of essay writing. He knew at least how to end. His last theme is on White Wax, and he concludes it by bidding the reader a characteristic and rather beautiful farewell.

"If it is tow hard and briteley—melt it down again and putt more Hogges lard to it—If tow soft—more rozen until you bring it to a proper temper—This is the best wax I heaver found out—It keeps your flees nate and clean—and shoes the coulor of the Silk—and make the Wiping stick much faster and more claner to your fingers!!!! FINIS!!!"

With the exception of hyphens and one or two full-stops these are the only punctuation marks that have found favour in the Old Man's eyes. But there was hardly a bird or beast whose fur or feathers he had not used to help him in his labours, from the "Throssoll" to the "Wild Molloard," from the "Chusnut Horshare" to the "Squirll"; and it is with a sigh of satisfaction, I think, that he lays down at last his Cwil. EVOE

§ §

At a Party

"HAVEN'T we met before?" "Didn't we both
Meet in . . . ? I remember your face, but I . . ."

"Can't remember my name? Let me remind you—
Truth."

"Of course, how stupid! And mine is History."

PATRIC DICKINSON



WHAT GOES NEXT?



"Shan't be sorry to get home: can't think what's happened to my stark, uncompromising verse on this holiday."

I KNOW IT WAS HERE YESTERDAY

"CERTAIN causes," remarked Cicero in one of his orations, "precede certain events." One would not at first glance perceive any connection, perhaps, between the first frosts of autumn and the diversion from its course of a river in Northern Italy; still less between either of these phenomena and the employment of mongooses at sea. A connection, however, exists. Whether it is within my capacity to make it plain to the reader remains to be seen, but it certainly exists. Otherwise, as the judge observed to Mr. Winkle, how could I have got it in my notes? I propose, therefore,

to continue this article with that connection in mind.

What started the train of thought in my head was a brief paragraph in a Sunday newspaper, headed:

"ACCUSED OF DIVERTING RIVER."

"Seven people," the paragraph went on, "will shortly come before the court of Novara, Northern Italy, accused of changing the course of the River Sesia, reported Exchange yesterday."

That was all.

Now the term "shortly," used in a legal sense, may comprehend a quite considerable interval of time,

and for all I know the matter may still be *sub judice*. I write, therefore, with restraint, for I have no wish to appear to attempt to influence the course of justice. All I wish to say in the matter of these seven Italians is that there are two ways of looking at the offence with which they are charged. On the one hand, we may recall a character in one of Mr. Ernest Bramah's books who was "capable of any crime, from reviling the Classics to diverting water-courses." On the other, it may be maintained that the diversion of running water from its course satisfies one of the most deep-rooted human instincts. Many readers, not necessarily convicted felons, will remember youthful feats (in Wellington boots) of hydraulic engineering among the puddles of a muddy lane; and a census taken on any beach on an August afternoon at low tide will reveal that at least as many parents as children are engaged in scooping up futile dams of wet sand with the intention of changing the course of the rivulets running down to the sea. To the Western, as opposed to the Oriental mind, there is nothing intrinsically vicious in diverting rivers. The merits of any particular case, it seems to me, will depend largely on what exactly is denoted by the term "river."

An arguable case could be made out for the view that there has been too much beating about the bush in this article already, so I will not distress my readers with an account of the steps taken to find out the size and location of the River Sesia. They are not interested, after all, in whether I had to rummage about in unlighted, cobwebby cupboards, tripping over discarded galoshes and rubbing whitewash off the wall on to my jacket, or whether I merely went straight to the piano-stool in which, naturally, the atlas had been all the time. A bald statement of facts is what is required. The Sesia rises near the southern slopes of the Matterhorn and runs into the River Po, and its length (as near as I can estimate, and allowing for wiggles too small to be shown on the map) is about seventy-five miles. Roughly

speaking, then, it is about the same size as the Tyne or the Mersey. It is not very much smaller than the Clyde, and a good deal larger than the Liffey. Stretched out straight, it would reach from Bristol to Weymouth, though this course (as I should be the first to admit) would take it slap over the Mendip Hills. It is, in fact, quite definitely a river.

Two emotions, I think I may say, now arise in our breasts. One is a feeling that river-diversion on this scale is altogether too much of a good thing, and the Italian authorities were quite right not to close their eyes to it. Once people start changing the course of seventy-five-mile rivers there is no telling what they will be up to next. The other emotion is of wonder, not unmixed with awe. How did they do it? Did they just stroll down to the river one morning with their spades and buckets, returning at nightfall with their task performed? And if so, would fourteen men be able to divert the Thames to flow into the sea at Eastbourne? How many men would be needed to cause the Mississippi, turning aside at Memphis, to discharge its waters into the Great Salt Lake?

These conflicting feelings, as I say, arise; and a third creeps in unbidden. What (asks the logically-minded reader) has this got to do with mongooses? Well, it is that touch of frost in the morning air. Just about this time last year, being uncertain what to write about, I was thinking of resorting to the ancient Gaelic device of *taghairm* ("in which," says the dictionary, "a man was wrapped in a fresh bullock's hide and left by a running stream to wait for inspiration") when my eye was caught by a footnote in *Scrutton on Charterparties*, in which the word "Mongoose" occurred. This time I had left my *Scrutton* in the vest-pocket of my other suit, and I was idly scanning the newspaper when I saw the paragraph mentioned above. So there you are.

You don't get it? Well, wrap me up in a fresh bullock's hide!

G. D. R. DAVIES

THE DWELLERS ON THE MOON

THE dwellers on the Moon
Are odd and orgiastic—
Immensely more fantastic
Than generally is known.
Begot by pink lagoon,
Red grass and purple boulders,
They're not as calm or cold
as
Books tell us, on the Moon.

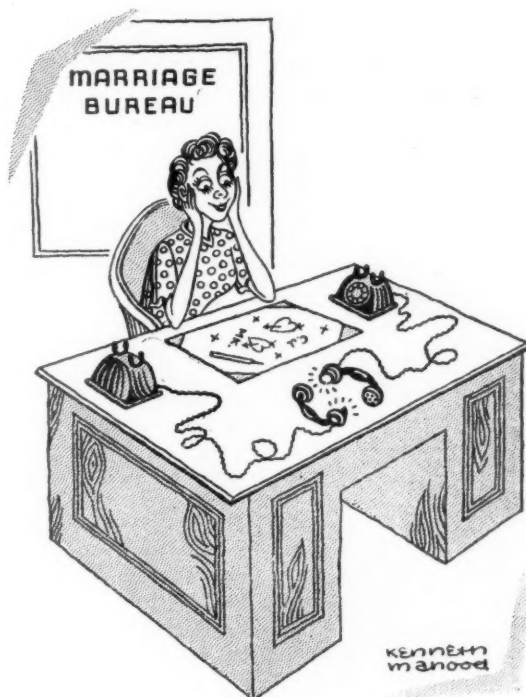
The colours on the Moon
Are weird beyond description:
A spectrum half-Egyptian,
From turquoise to maroon,
Striates their afternoon.
Their art would balk a learner,
But—holy shade of Turner!—
The yellows on the Moon.

The ballets on the Moon
Are *surréal* and soulful:
Bards make the welkin doleful
With harp and hoarse bassoon—

Though they would hate to croon.
Some sounds we take for thunder
Are vapours rent asunder
By 'cellos on the Moon.

The fellows on the Moon
Are lavish in their loving,
Their strange Moon-manhood
proving
From January to June.
With reel and rigadon
They woo their lunar birthright,
Prostrating in the earthlight
In valleys of the Moon.

The scholars on the Moon
Explore the rugged granito
Of our intriguing planet
From Guinea to Gaboon.
In monographs jejune
They log, "Conditions reigning
Not nearly life-sustaining . . ."
How truly speaks the Moon!





THE RYDER CUP AT GANTON

ONE prophecy we can safely make about the American golf professionals who are taking the Ryder Cup back to the United States is that they will remember the name of Scarborough longer than that of Ganton, where they actually won the trophy. For the town councillors of Scarborough welcomed the event with an unforgettable display of combined hospitality and publicity and, being mostly golf maniacs themselves, presented it with as much gusto as if they had pinched the Labour Party conference from Blackpool.

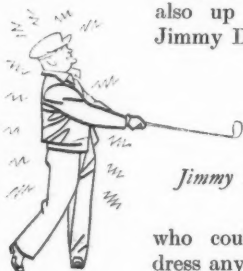
Ganton itself ("near Scarborough," as they always add in Scarborough) is not, strictly speaking, a championship course, for it has only one hole (the thirteenth, 507 yards uphill) at which the masters needed to take wood for their second shots, and no fewer than five short holes, not including the 297-yard fourteenth where we saw "Chick" Harbert with a very holeable putt for a two. But the fairways are narrow, the rough tough, the greens well guarded and freshly true. The Ganton club, backed nobly of course by the Scarborough Town Council, must have worked wonders to organize this tournament. We know

Max Faulkner



that the members turned their hands to most things, because after one American had played a shot which caused a visitor to cry comfortably "He's in the rough!" a disgusted member answered, "There's no rough there. I cut it myself yesterday evening." The result of their efforts was that golf-watchers got more comfort and consideration than they had ever before experienced in this country.

Long before the start it was clear that in weight, nomenclature and raiment our men were out-classed. About a stone a man lighter; plain Dick Burtons and Charlie Wards against exotic "Skip" Alexanders and "Dutch" Harrisons; they were also up against Jimmy Demaret,



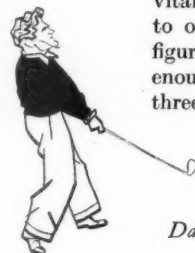
Jimmy Demaret

who could out-dress anyone bar a circus clown.

(After appearing at practice in a chaste little all-pace outfit, he turned out for the foursomes in a yellow knitted cap, yellow shirt inside green sweater, maroon trousers, and violet and grey shoes with check socks to match.) However, the match was to be played at golf, and there was always a chance; though the local bookies thought as little of it as four to one.

The results of the foursomes on the first day sent Scarborough, by

then a town of golfers, hilarious with joy. Yet the Americans had obviously not been themselves; their drives were often astray, their irons surprisingly weak. In the final four-some, which was vital for our three to one lead, par figures were good enough to win three of the last



Dai Rees

four holes, and the eighteenth was halved in a weak five to give Dick Burton and Arthur Lees their breathless one-hole win.

However, there was obviously no need for pessimism. All the British side had played well—none better than James Adams, Max Faulkner, Dick Burton and Fred Daly. We only needed three wins and a halved match for victory. The delighted crowd was predominantly Yorkshire, and perhaps the several stands dotted about the course helped to give it a football or cricket match air. (Denis Compton, who was a spectator, was quickly recognized everywhere with a hum of admiration.) British successes were welcomed by a tumultuous yell, while after any American stroke of brilliance the sporting spirit was placated with a quiet clatter of handclapping.

At ten in the calm morning of the second day, Max Faulkner led off in the singles against "Dutch"

Harrison, a man with the secretly jolly face of a slow-style American comedian and with a rather undignified paunch that does nothing to impede his stately swing. The American began with five threes in the first six holes, unaccountably failing to get one at the 250-yard third, and had the usually jaunty Faulkner gasping. Harrison, whom we had observed during practice giving a golf ball each to two small boys who were almost in tears at having forgotten their autograph books when they met the great man face to face, behaved with the same gentle magnanimity to the luckless Faulkner. But he went on playing shattering golf to be round the first eighteen holes in 67 and seven up. Next in was James Adams, one up on Johnny Palmer, whose stiff-looking address is an ungainly beginning to another lovely swing; then Charlie Ward, hanging desperately on to the dark and formidable Sam Snead and only one down to the American's 68.

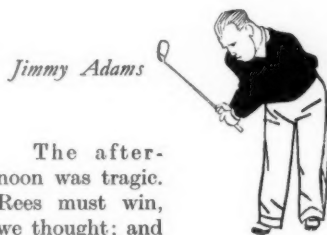


Sam Snead

To the joy of the huge crowd the ever popular little

Dai Rees finished next with a marvellous 65 to be four up on Bob Hamilton; and Dick Burton, in a blue sweater and a pretty blue mood by the look of him, won the eighteenth to finish one up on Clayton Haefner. But Sam King and Arthur Lees were each disastrously five down, to "Chick" Harbert and Jimmy Demaret. The driving of Harbert, often over fifty yards beyond King—himself no mean hitter—was as mesmerizing as Demaret's iron play. Finally, in came Daly, who had had the most trying experience of all. His opponent, Lloyd Mangrum, hitting the ball calmly and quite inevitably straight for the pin (he almost holed his second shot at the 427-yard second) was seven under fours at the twelfth

and yet only three up. At the thirteenth, for the first time, he was off the line, cutting his second far to the right of the green. Daly, bunkered, played out beautifully; then missed a two-foot putt for a win. That would have broken most golfers, but Daly comes from Belfast. He stuck to it, got one back, and then holed a five-yarder at the eighteenth to finish only one down to a man who had been round in 65. A really great display of golf.



Jimmy Adams

The afternoon was tragic. Rees must win, we thought; and all his colleagues expect Burton to; Ward and Daly have a chance, and Adams more than that; and still we only want three wins and a half. Dai Rees, who started fourth that afternoon, put the British hopes and fears as well as anyone: "I started four up, of course," he said, "but for four holes I couldn't get another off him. And all in front and behind there was only a little clapping, no cheers at all. And then he won one off me with a two at the fifth and I thought O—o—oh . . ." Rees went on with cocky confidence to win 6 and 4, and his opponent left the course in a hurry muttering odd things about "limeys." But a man who has lost to a score of twelve under fours for thirty-two holes has a

Lloyd Mangrum



right to mutter anything.

Max Faulkner, unhappy at the responsibility of playing in the top match, was mercifully put to an 8 and 7 death by Harrison. Sam Snead started 3, 4, 3 and raced away from Ward. King and Lees never had a chance; King played fifteen holes in seven under fours during the afternoon and only got one hole back. But James Adams, right in view of the main stand and so to the accompaniment of yelps and howls of glee, holed vast putts at the eleventh and twelfth for a three and a two and went on to win 2 and 1. Now all depended on Burton and Daly, and there was a great moment at about four o'clock when both were one up. But Haefner, a huge man with that comfortable stolidity that marks American play, staggered Burton with a three at the long thirteenth and unkindly killed him off with a stymie at the sixteenth. Daly had squared his match again with a two at the tenth, but Mangrum went on 3, 2, 4, 3, 4, and won four of those holes for the match.

There was nothing left but speeches and disappointment.



AT THE PICTURES

The Hasty Heart—You Can't Sleep Here

THE *Hasty Heart* (Director: VINCENT SHERMAN) is effective and worth seeing for reasons hardly at all connected with the Art of the Cinema, just as some other films—e.g., *The Third Man*—are effective and worth seeing for reasons very little connected with anything else. Practically all this piece's emotional impact, which is considerable, comes from the play on which it is based and the acting performance of one man. All the action, like the action of the play, is in and around a hospital in Burma at the end of the war, and largely in one ward of that hospital—all, that is, except for a completely unnecessary opening scene apparently designed only to show how the central character, one of the patients, came to be wounded. This scene is quite irrelevant to the point of the story, which is simply to show the breaking down, by persevering kindness, of the embittered reserve of a young Scottish corporal whose hard life has disgusted him with the human race. He is soon to die, and does not know it; his companions in the ward are asked to make his last days pleasant for him, and against his obstinate, angry suspicion they in the end succeed. The other men (they appear as a rather obvious "cross-section"—an American, a Cockney, a New Zealander, an Australian, a Basuto) are competently played, but it's RICHARD TODD as the sour young Scot that carries the picture; to say that it's a strong part is not to admit that just anyone could do it as well as this. There has been some argument about the theme: one school of thought declares that if a man disgusted with life is about to die it is not kind but unkind to interest him in living, and another says

that the whole thing is too mawkish for words. All I will say is that I'm usually unduly sensitive to mawkishness and here there seemed to me to be no more than the faintest trace of it. As a film it means nothing much; but it presents its simple

*(The Hasty Heart)*

Scot Wha Hates

Lauchlin McLaughlin—RICHARD TODD; *The Cockney*—HOWARD MARION-CRAWFORD; *The Yank*—RONALD REAGAN

emotional idea with very great effectiveness, and most people should enjoy it.

Not till quite near the end of *You Can't Sleep Here* (Director: HOWARD HAWKS) comes the moment for which the squealers in the audience have been waiting with

so much impatience. Then CARY GRANT gets into a skirt and a horse-hair wig, and the uproar is prodigious. Before this the simple souls have had to sit through a lot of amusing dialogue and business with nothing but touches of acid wit and skilful playing to recommend it, and one can almost feel their sense of relief as they relax with their shoes off and scream . . . No, that isn't quite

fair. The film was (and still is, in the U.S.) called *I Was a Male War Bride*, a title calculated to give the impression that it is all on that music-hall-slapstick level. I'm glad it was changed; for though it would have attracted more squealers it would certainly have scared away plenty of people from something nearly all of which they will like. *You Can't Sleep Here* is very good entertainment—empty, without "importance," but almost continuously amusing. Smooth and efficient direction, the background detail of occupying-forces life in Germany, and the competence of Mr. GRANT and ANN SHERIDAN wonderfully freshen the old delayed-honeymoon situations, and the dialogue is often notably bright.

* * * * *

Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Don't overlook the reappearance of *Hamlet* (26/5/48) at Victoria and in the Tottenham Court Road, and of that well-acted piece *House of Strangers* (7/9/49) at the Tatler.

The Third Man (14/9/49) has already appeared in the provinces; don't miss that. The official releases include two semi-historical spectacles in Technicolor, one—*The Three Musketeers* (20/7/49)—funnier than the other, *Captain from Castile* (27/4/49), but both done with enormous gusto. Two slighter and better works you may come across are *We Were Strangers* (17/8/49) and *Kind Hearts and Coronets* (6/7/49).

RICHARD MALLETT

*(You Can't Sleep Here)*

Portrait of a Man Sleeping

Lieutenant Henri Rochard—CARY GRANT

THE BIRD

"A GIPSY-LOOKING bloke in the public bar has been looking for you every night for the past week," said the barman of the Queen's Head as he passed my modest half-pint across the counter. "Name of Smith."

My heart sank. I had known that sooner or later I must encounter Smith and apologize and make due restitution, but I had put off the evil day, because when I sold Smith the hen I had told him that she was a good layer, averaging four eggs a week, which was true enough of Esmeralda, but by an absurd mistake I had sold him Petunia, who had lately been laying only one egg a week. Esmeralda was a good solid sort of hen, reliable rather than intellectual, whereas Petunia was highly-strung and temperamental. Smith had said when he bought the hen that if she did not lay he would knock my block off. He is that sort of man.

I do not make a regular practice of selling live hens to pugilistic gypsies in public bars, but a week earlier on my return from the office Edith had said that Petunia and Esmeralda had been fighting again, and that the man next door had complained about the horrible noise they made when engaged in combat.

"Their temperaments are incompatible," she said, "and one of them must go. I suggest you wring Petunia's neck. We will have her for dinner to-morrow."

I did not fancy wringing Petunia's neck, so I decided instead to sell Esmeralda to Johnson-Clitheroe. He had told me he was looking out for a good layer, and Esmeralda was an excellent layer. So after supper I went to the hen-house, packed Esmeralda (as I thought) in a basket, and went to call on Johnson-Clitheroe. He was away from home, and on the way back I called in at the Queen's Head for a drink and met the man Smith. It leaked out somehow that I wished to dispose of the hen, and he made a firm offer on the spot. Not till next morning, when I went to feed the hens in the light of day, did I

realize that I had sold him Petunia instead of Esmeralda.

The barman's words convinced me that Smith was dissatisfied with Petunia and was seeking me with a view to knocking off my block. So I found out where Smith lived, went home and put Esmeralda in a basket, and took her round to his house.

There was no response when I knocked at the front door, so I went round to the back, where I met Petunia face to face, taking a stroll in the yard with some other hens. The opportunity was too good to miss, and it was the work of a moment to release Esmeralda and pack Petunia in the basket and decamp.

Feeling that I had earned a

drink, I popped into the bar of the Muntion Hotel, leaving Petunia in the vestibule.

"Have one with me," said a voice.

It was Smith.

"That hen you sold me," he said, "is an absolute miracle. She has laid an egg every single day since I had her. If you've got any more birds like that I shall be glad to take them off your hands."

It was an awkward moment, and I had to make one of those snap decisions that are so difficult. Even now I am not quite sure if it was strictly honest and straightforward, but on the whole I think it was the best way out.

I sold him Petunia again.

D. H. BARBER



FOR SPORTSFANS ONLY

"ARSENAL were in their hey-day, but in that particular match they scraped up a victory against Grimsby by a margin of a single goal. Sipping tea after the game I listened to several pressmen deploring Arsenal's poor showing, but of Grimsby, who had played magnificently and deserved a draw, not a word was said. I listened until I could contain myself no longer and I spoke my mind in no uncertain manner.

"By Jove," said my newspaper friend, 'could you write that lot down?'"

"I'd shout it from the house-tops if necessary," I said.

"The upshot was that I received an invitation to write for a national paper on football."

And another upshot—if Mr. W. E. ("Bill") Bowes doesn't mind my saying so—is that the recent publication of his book *Express Deliveries*, and particularly of the passage quoted above, has already revolutionized the art of football reporting. I don't mean that reporters have suddenly taken to sipping tea after the game or shouting

their reports from the housetops, but that what we must (unfairly perhaps) call the Bowes technique of reporting has suddenly swung into astonishing popularity.

The rules of this revitalized craft appear to be as follows;

1. *That the losers should invariably be represented as the better team.*

"Chelsea were distinctly unlucky," said the *Daily* —, "to concede both points. They were undoubtedly superior to their opponents in every phase of the game with the possible exceptions of attack and defence, and might easily have won by a convincing margin. But the ball just wouldn't run for them. A score of 5—6 would have been a much fairer reflection of this thriller than 5—0."

2. *That the losers' goalkeeper should always be named as the best player on the field.*

"Thompson could in no way be blamed for his team's defeat," writes Howard Crate in the *Sunday* —. "In fact he was brilliant throughout, saving unstoppable shots at point-blank range from every angle. Five of the shots that beat him found him unsighted and the other two evaded his grasp only because he was tiring. This young custodian received a great ovation as he left the field. He improves with every débâcle."

3. *That League leaders should never merit their position in the table.*

"After watching Tottenham win their match comfortably by four goals to nil I can only say that every position in the team needs strengthening immediately. How the Spurs have reached their present exalted position is a mystery. For long stretches of the game on Saturday they looked like a team struggling to avoid relegation. They were completely outplayed by the fast, scheming Midlanders, who must be accounted very unfortunate to lose. The Spurs relied overmuch on their ability to dribble round an opponent and smack the ball into the net." (*Evening* —.)

4. *That teams at the foot of the table always play like champions.*

"If Rangers can reproduce the

brand of football with which they delighted their 60,000 supporters on Saturday they need have no fear of relegation. For long stretches of this game it was easy to imagine that the two teams in opposition were racing for championship honours instead of contending for the unenviable rôle of wooden-spoonists. The Rangers played inspired football throughout. Every move was rich in promise; every pass found its man. They never knew they were beaten (1—6) until the final whistle sounded." (*Daily* —.)

5. *That footballers in the £20,000 transfer class always have an off-day.*

"Scrimton was clearly not at his best," writes N. B. in the *Yorkshire* —. "He tried fairly hard to hold his line together, but frequently mis-kicked and stubbed his foot. Still, it is quite obvious that he has class and will some day be worth his place in this clever Albion side. He looked to me as though he was worrying about getting a house somewhere near the sea. He did the hat-trick in both halves."

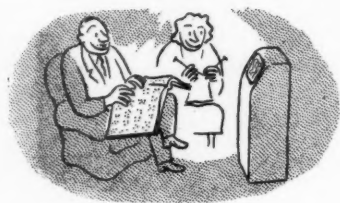
6. *That English football is in a very sorry state.*

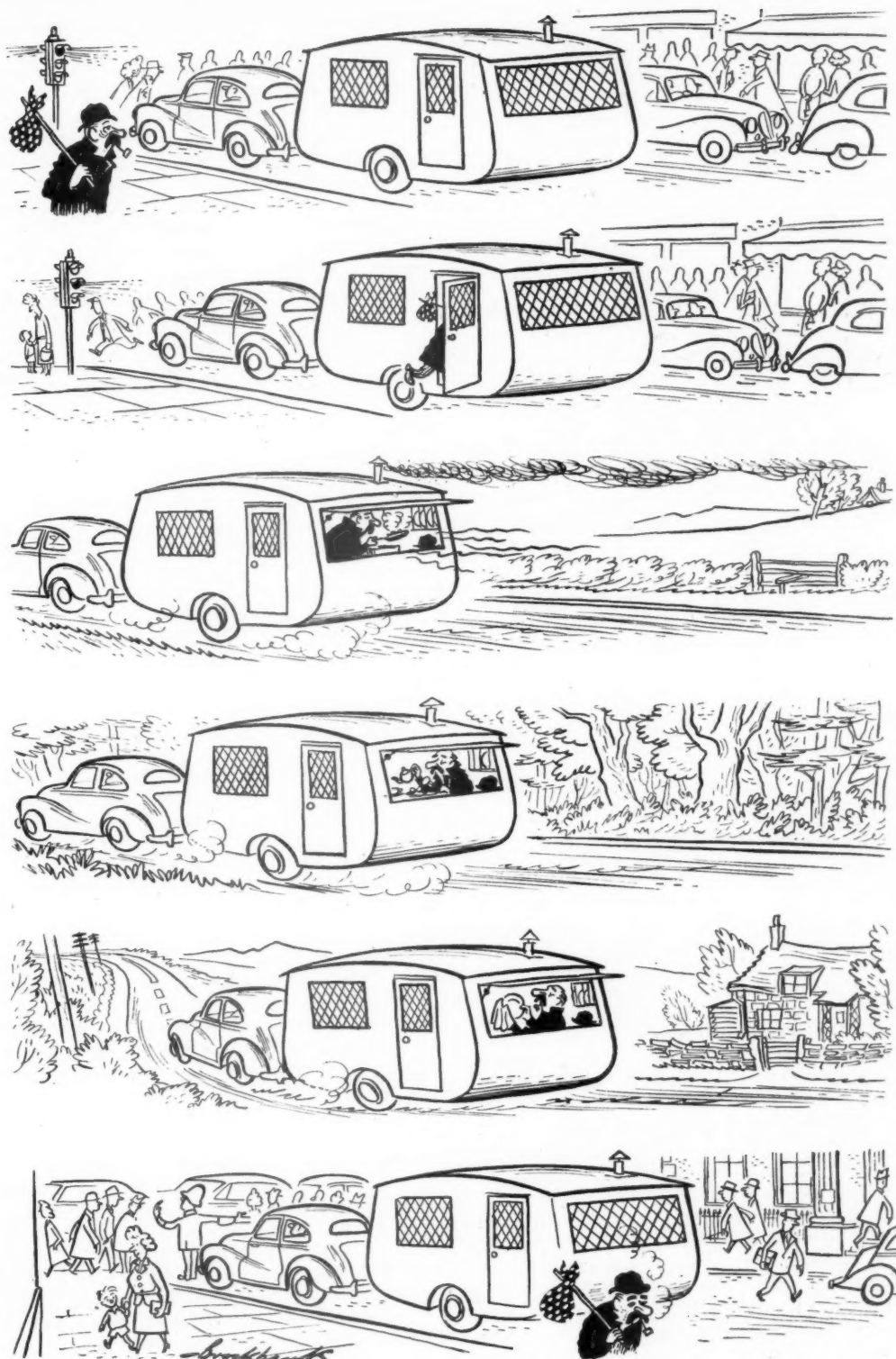
"Thousands of spectators left the Dell after the match swearing that it was the worst game seen in years. Me? I agree with them. But these two teams were no better and no worse than the other eighty-six in the Football League. The poor display of the Rovers (full value for their 3—3 draw) is symptomatic of the malady that is eating away the spirit of the great winter game. The malady? The win-at-all-costs attitude of players, managers and spectators alike: the mad scheming rush to score goals, *goals*, to win points, *points*, and to earn bonus, *bonus*. If the stands and terraces are to remain full to capacity the game must be slowed down. And if I am charged with inconsistency, if I am reminded that all summer through I have been urging a cricket speed-up, my answer will be that I am doing my duty as a columnist. Once cricket has been speeded-up I shall begin to press immediately for a slowing-down. The reason? Use your loaves, sportsfans." (*Daily* —.)

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



BEAVE







"What you've got to ask yourself, dear, is not whether it's interesting, absorbing or thrilling, but whether it's good Television."

SLAPPER'S DISEASE

WHEN Slapper first announced his discovery of a disease all by himself, professional opinion poohed and poohed again. He was not the kind of man his colleagues thought capable of really accurate observation. He was always given simple jobs like joking to operation cases as they went under the anaesthetic and saying "Boo" behind nervous patients while more expert physicians noted their reactions. One day, however, he turned up all bright and beaming and announced with a giggle that he had discovered a new disease which he proposed to call after himself. His presumption annoyed the Senior Physician, who considered that his wife should be honoured by being asked to accept the dedication, and the Senior Surgeon, who edited a medical magazine and bitterly regretted the waste of rejection slips involved in Slapper's incessant contributions; only the day before, he had returned a series of twenty-seven articles on "Olde-Worlde Unguents" under Slapper's usual pseudonym of "Hip-Hippocrates."

Snubbing, neglect and contumely, however, all failed to shake Slapper's confidence, and he wrote away in odd corners at a paper which, when finished, was far from scientific in tone. It contained a good deal of autobiography to justify the name and a good deal of sneering at other authorities to explain why the disease was not named after them. Only towards the end did it

mention that the symptoms were malaise, high temperature and disinclination for effort, and that it lasted off and on for some time.

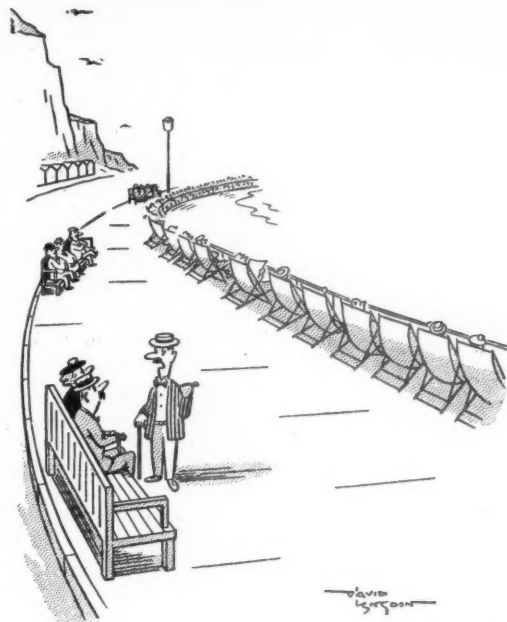
Summoned before an investigating board, Slapper was asked to produce a genuine sufferer from the affliction and at once produced himself. He groaned, proved by thermometer that his temperature was 99.4° and leaned wearily upon a desk. The Chairman said he had influenza; but Slapper triumphantly replied that he had no pain in his limbs. Another member of the Board took two pills from his bag and gave them to Slapper, promising they would cure him at once; but he refused to take them, saying that as a specialist in the disease he knew they would make it worse. An impasse developed.

The Senior Physician suddenly realized that there was nothing to prove that Slapper's disease was not infectious and insisted on his taking indefinite sick-leave. He had to give himself a certificate saying he was cured to get back into circulation. When asked what treatment he had adopted he was in a quandary. If he said it had just passed off, its rating as a disease would be pretty low and questions would not be set on it in medical examinations, so willy-nilly he was driven back on the production of a cure.

The cure he finally evolved was done with a hypodermic syringe. He had always wanted to use one and now was his chance. He trotted about the hospital with a little bottle of colourless liquid he was prepared to inject into any sufferer; but he declined to publish his formula, a breach of etiquette which aroused unfavourable comment. Attempts were made to lure him away from Slapper's Solution to get it analysed; but he was too cautious. Patients, he explained, must be treated by him personally until he had trained enough specialists in his methods. Unskilful hands, injecting at the wrong stage in the cycle, might do untold harm.

At this point he allowed a journalist to pump him. Carefully steering clear of the dangers of advertisement, he made sure that there should be a leakage into the lay press. Hypochondriacs began to show Slapper symptoms and responded to the Slapper cure. Sometimes they got the symptoms wrong, but a little tactful discussion soon set them on the right path. When pressed to report his results in detail, Slapper pointed out that he had already made every effort to get into print and been refused admission; he was no longer interested in converting a profession so hidebound as that to which his colleagues belonged.

Though he knew that sooner or later hypochondriacs would adopt some other ailment, it was rather a shock when consultations began to fall off. The little bottle took longer to empty. The hypodermic remained for hours at a time in its little case. However, after a few weeks unhappily poised between hope that the



"I'd love to sit down and chat with you, but I've a deck-chair season ticket."

drop in cases was only temporary and realization that it was probably permanent, Slapper himself took the initiative. He announced that most of the active carriers in the locality had been cured and immunized and that the epidemic was well past its peak. He put a large curve to confirm this upon the piece of wall by which he used to stand in Out-patients. It was unlikely, he added, there would be any serious recrudescence, and he allowed his journalist friend to steer the ailment gently out of fashion.

Helpless and irritated, his colleagues sneered and sniffed; but no longer was it possible to give Slapper all the small, inglorious errands. He was a man whose inferiority complex had been irreparably shattered. Indeed, the only way of getting him to do anything at all was to allow him to overhear you point him out to visitors. Only then could he be persuaded to hold patients' hands while they took the anaesthetic, lulling them off not with humorous anecdotes but with an account in gleeful detail of the story of how he discovered Slapper's Disease. R. G. G. PRICE

"A European has complained that, while walking along a footpath on a dam wall at Newlands on Sunday night, a Native pointed a revolver at him, and disappeared."

"Rand Daily Mail"

He should have struck at him with his partisan.

THE HOMING TOAD

(A toad recently returned across country to its own pond after being removed a distance of three miles by road.)

THE toad has rarely been
Welcome on any scene,
But now we learn high virtue fills his breast;
Taken from his own folk,
The toad with honest croak
Will journey swiftly homeward without rest.

No more the dove alone
Shall have things all her own
Way as upholder of the home and hearth;
But Finland's Games may see
Five thousand toads set free
To proclaim the Olympic truce throughout the earth.

Or in some future war
No flighty pigeon corps
Will shuttle messages from front to rear;
But regimental toads,
Unnoticed on the roads,
Battle intelligence will safely bear.

So if to-day you meet
A toad upon the street,
"Ugly and venomous," as Shakespeare said,
Respect his clammy skin;
Pure home-fires burn within
To light the "precious jewel in his head."





"The marrows have been disappointing this year, but the peas have come on a treat."

DRUNKEN SAILOR

DRUNKEN sailor, cease your crying
of her sweetness, of her graces,
to this mob of jeering faces;
something beautiful is dying
in these nudgings and grimaces.

Pull yourself together, stranger,
cease your bragging, cease your
bawling;
something lovely is in danger;

somewhere a bright star is falling.
(Can't you hear her calling,
calling?)

Drunken sailor, cease your
drinking—
or drink deeper, deeper, deeper,
till all speech is lost, and thinking,
till the silence of the sleeper—
a dark tree with boughs unmoving—
screens your so-defenceless loving.

350

OUR BUS-STOP

THOUGH once enjoying a bus-stop next to a fire-station where the excitement of never knowing when you were going to see the engines come out made the time pass very quickly, the author still considers his present stop to be the best. It is indicated by a pillar apparently made from crushed egg-shells and cement, and it swells out in the middle to allow room for two metal frames to hold on each side a time-table and a notice about umbrellas lost and the amount of dogs and luggage you can bring on to the bus at what may be described as the conductor's discretion. It omits mention of cats, rabbits, pigeons, poultry, game, etc., in which respect the author considers the railway to be more comprehensive; however, it brings the affair very up to date by inviting you to discuss matters with the Public Relations Officer if you have any suggestions for the improvement of the service. The author is working on one or two ideas to bring to the attention of the P.R.O., but has only an inkling of how to address such a person. He thinks the whole discussion will follow the B.B.C. pattern, viz.:

P.R.O. (*in broad Lancashire*). "And so, Charlie boy, after ten years as a conductor, you think people are sitting more close together than they used to?"

CONDUCTOR. "Yes, old boy. The public is definitely more gregarious."

P.R.O. "And what does the average passenger think about that?"

THE AUTHOR. "Oh, yes, definitely, I should say that there are a majority of cases in which the answer would be 'Yes.' Due to the war, air-raid shelters, etc."

On the other side of the notice which gave rise to the foregoing is a time-table which gives you all the buses up to 9.30 A.M., and then lisp in rather casual italics, "... thereafter every 11 minutes until 4.30 p.m." There are holes in the frame through which people push spent matches which accumulate under the glass so that you cannot see



the bottom half of the table for match sticks piled up like timber awaiting the thaw at some transatlantic lumber camp. The "there-after" buses are only used by housewives, shoppers and the author and his colleagues at week-ends. The author's colleagues are those with whom he normally queues for a bus to go to work in the mornings and, since they all work in the metropolis, consider themselves somewhat at loggerheads with the rival team who wait at the stop across the street to catch buses to more local places of employment. On Saturdays the author may occasionally go to the rival bus-stop and catch a bus going the other way. On such occasions members of his team may meet and stare frozenly, for it is understood that nobody is recognizable in holiday attire and carrying a basket. From the wrong side of the street, however, the author can look across at his proper bus-stop and get a view of what it looks like to the rival team.

Its real glory is seen to be the two horse-chestnut trees which stand behind what was originally a post-and-chain fence until the chains went away to make Bren guns. The trees in their season wave their tapering candles over the queue, giving the cool shade of their leaves during the heat of summer, and when autumn comes the plashy carpet of leaves on the pavement offers a soothing reminder of a summer which has gone and will inevitably come again.

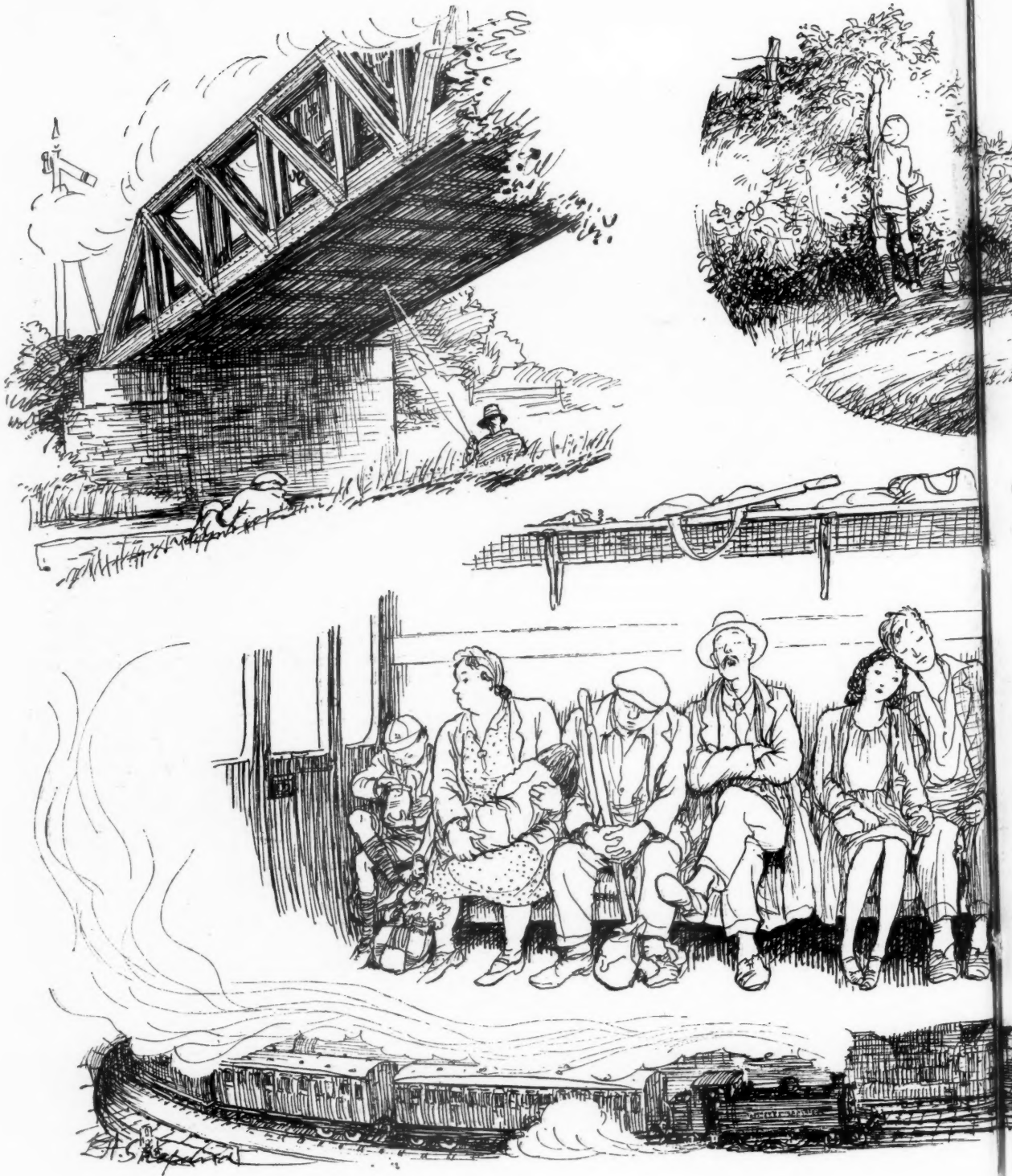
The bus-queue is never a more composite animal than when, bundled

out of a score of separate beds, its components steal through the wintry darkness to huddle against the dawn. There is a smell of damp cardboard and the inside of a bicycle tyre, and a long wretched caterpillar shrinks under a tunnel of mackintoshes. Then comes spring and the shadows fall away from shapes which have been little more than a sub-division of coughs and sneezes through the fog. The horse-chestnut trees light up again. People take shape and girls appear in frocks and ridiculous hats. Then we see the rival team across the road, and search it furtively for new members. Invariably we discover that during the dark months one or two of our number have gone to the other side, and vice versa, while often we observe completely new members who were school-children the last time the horse-chestnuts were in bud.

When the author sees the Public Relations Officer he will have two important matters to discuss. The first will be the keen interest and publicity that would be aroused by a series of inter-bus-stop sporting fixtures between his queue and the one opposite. The other matter will be a product of considerable thought about the horse-chestnut trees. Between his own bus-stop and final destination he has noticed many stops along the route where people have to wait in far less satisfactory surroundings and without trees. The author will suggest that instead of concrete pillars, the bus-stops at such places be indicated by flowering trees which could be planted by the transport people.



William Scully





SUNDAY NIGHT RETURN

THE Sunday train loiters back to London
Through the sad wet evening of a summer's day,
Close we sit adding at every station
Of the slow, slow way.

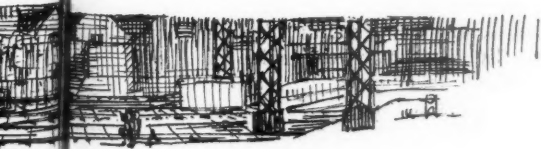
Two men, who've sat contentedly
Under a railway bridge fishing for hours
Nod, as do the rest of us over our
Bunches of flowers.

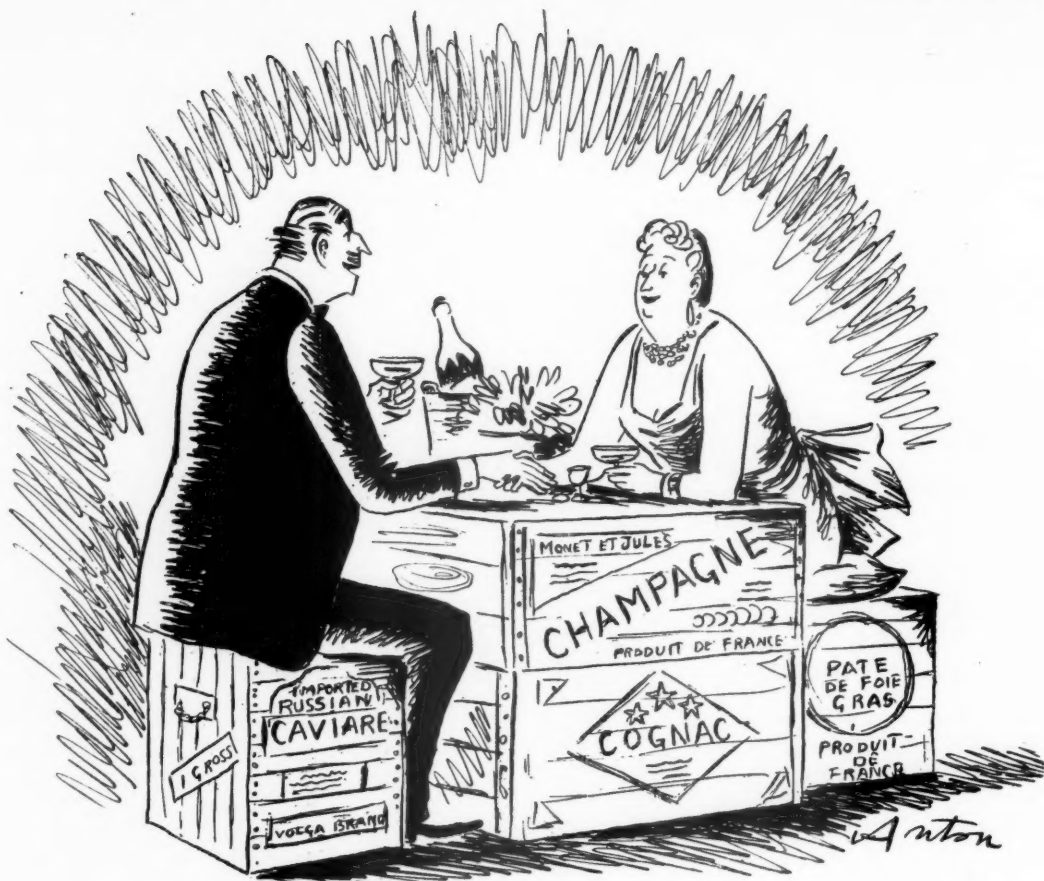
The youthful lovers lean against each other,
Hands entwined, enjoying their small sorrow
Of parting, already divided seeing
Monday to-morrow.

For this slow journey we are bound in warmth
Postponing the discomfort that must lie ahead,
Bridging this seated snugness to the coming bliss
Of ultimate bed

Across the horrid sea of Sunday night
In a wet city under slanting rain,
Carrying ourselves, our bags and these tired flowers
Till we are home again.

J. G.





"Remember our first meal together, when we sat on soap-boxes and ate off a tea-chest?"

THE LITTLE LESS

I SPEAK, as I write this, for the amateur flannel trouser shorteners of Britain. We are the wives who buy flannel trousers for our husbands. With us are very closely affiliated the amateur flannel trouser lengtheners, or the wives who wash flannel trousers for their husbands, but this is a separate organization with whose activities I may or may not deal in this article.

A Shortener buys flannel trousers cheerfully, thus:

Shortener. If only I could remember what the old pair measured. Still, they were too short anyway. Do you think these would be frightfully long? Because this is a very nice pair. I think this is really the nicest pair, don't you?

Shop Assistant (with another look at the price). Definitely, madam. And of course (*leaning confidentially on counter and fingering a turn-up*) they can always be shortened.

Shortener. Oh, of course. Goodness, I've shortened dozens.

This last statement may not be literally true—not even if you count each trouser-leg as a separate job, and I shall make it clear presently that you do—but it is true enough to make a Shortener feel next day, as she drapes the trousers over an arm-chair and shakes out the tape-measure, that whatever happened last time will happen this.

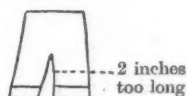
The evening before, the owner of these new trousers will have

unwillingly hitched himself into them, put his hands in his pockets and stuck each foot out in turn. For some reason he will not be wearing shoes. The trousers will sweep the floor at the back and his feet in front. He will waggle his feet, mooch about a bit and say: "Well, of course, they're miles too long."

The Shortener, adding imaginary shoes and deciding that the first fitting will be a guess in any case, says: "Oh, of course. Though actually if they were mine I shouldn't take much off them." This means nothing. We women know that we wear our trousers like spivs.

Now for the shortening. When

a new pair of flannel trousers is held up it looks not very like this:

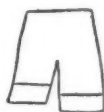


Note that one leg only has been measured. The point is not to measure both legs, in case they seem different. They aren't really. Trousers begin life with both legs the same length. This is a Shortener's axiom, based on the truth that it would be a poor world if they didn't. Another point is not to measure either leg, really, because if you put a pin where you think the turn-up should eventually end, that is bend downwards and go out of sight, it is the pin that will go out of sight, still fixed but in the inside of the turn-up, which will have absorbed one fold more, or less, than the Shortener expected.

I have said enough to explain why the wise Shortener merely unpicks the hem of, say, the left leg, re-folds wildly by eye, tacks and holds the trousers up again. Now they look like this:



You see the difference? Neither does the Shortener, until she has pulled the trousers about and got them to look like this:



which is, frankly, amazing. For the shortened trouser-leg is the longer. And yet way up inside is an extra four inches of flannel. A new world of scientific possibility lies before the Shortener, a world where less flannel makes more trouser, a world perhaps where things exist simply because they do not, where perpetual motion is within the reach of every home

and you can trisect an angle with a pair of compasses. But Shorteners are too cross to do anything about this discovery. All they do is unrip, fold more wildly, re-tack and hold up this:



This is better. It is too good. But it is on the right lines. The trouble is that when the Shortener reconsiders the trouser-leg she will find that she has learnt nothing but some queer facts about the Universe; nothing to tell her what to do next. So what she does do is juggle the trousers about on the floor until one turn-up looks rightish. If she had done this to start with, the result would have been what it is now, as indeed it was then:



But now the Shortener is merely holding the trousers crooked. She finds by measurement—if a Shortener can ever be said to find anything by measurement—that the altered trouser-leg is really three inches shorter than its fellow. This

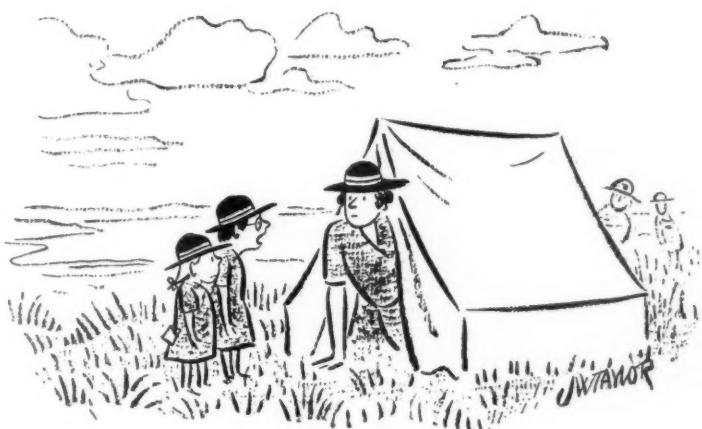
is one inch shorter than the owner ordered, but the Shortener is not worrying. Let the owner judge for himself, with the help of some flattering propaganda and a hint of pathos. Meanwhile *the second leg must be made the same length as the first.*

This is in italics because the Shortener expects to find it impossible because it looks easy. Actually it is easy. You just go by the horizontal creases, and if it doesn't look right you can remember how easy it is to hold trousers crooked. Remember, too, that any discrepancy will more than show when the owner tries them on.

I believe I am still speaking for the amateur flannel trouser shorteners of Britain when I say that the last stage consists almost entirely in trying-on, and that many a trouser-length is finally measured against the instep itself by jabbing a needle through a trial stretch of turn-up. People who are expecting me to say that Shorteners jab their needles through their husbands' socks too will be disappointed. Shorteners are no fools. Why, they are artists enough to cut off the extra four inches inside, and heaven knows they are going to want them later.

This brings me to the amateur flannel trouser lengtheners, and, I think, leaves them adequately dealt with.

ANDE



"Then Edna sneezed and they all flew away except Sir William Beach Thomas."

London Town—No. 16



BILLINGSGATE

I SUPPOSE of all the things we kill and eat, fish perish the least mourned; we may love them in death, with the proper sauces, but in life never, and Rupert Brooke's poetic fancy about a Hereafter for fish remains just that: a fish's Hereafter is Billingsgate, and if he's here after the Market closes the chances are that he will be consigned to the condemned-barge moored at the jetty and will find himself fertilizer in no time. A fish has no soul.

When, therefore, my friend Charlie Field, fish-porter and proud of it, demonstrated the efficiency of the subterranean refrigerators by thumbing open a glistening herring, slapping it in my palm and inviting me to smell it, compassion was not among the emotions that flooded through me, and I was equally unmoved when we paused in an adjoining chamber to watch lobsters being immersed in bubbling cauldrons,

thus achieving both redness and deadness with sharp simultaneity. It is the vapours from this operation that the City-going thousands can see as they cross London Bridge in the morning, but the belching chimney seen from a distance conveys no suggestion of the reek in the vaults below; the ten seething



coppers smell like five glue factories and five steam laundries, and when I stepped out of the slippery lift into the purely fishy sunlight the change was delightful. It is a fact that the

smell of fish is unnoticeable after half an hour at Billingsgate, and only on leaving the affected area does one become aware of something strange in the air—the smell of no-fish.

In Lovat Lane, which climbs narrowly up from the Market to Eastcheap, is the small shop of Mr. John Fain, probably London's most exclusive hatter. I am not well up in the price of hats, but I imagine that even professional racegoers pay less for their everyday, working toppers than the fish-porter pays for his leather hat. £5 10s. is the price, and, preferring the outlay to a buckled spine, he stumps up cheerfully: two hundredweight of hake on the head has a certain oppressive effect, and although there may be seen in the early morning throng one or two rash, youthful exulters in the fortitude of the human cranium making do with

battered bowlers stuffed out with newspapers, the leather or "bobbing" hat is the general wear; in itself it weighs anything from five to nine pounds (it contains four hundred brass rivets for a start) and on removing it after a morning's work the sense of being about to rise vertically into the air must be quite overpowering.

A porter under full load can only move his legs and his lips; whether shoring-in (carrying from wholesaler's lorry to Market shop) or shoring-out (from shop to retailer's van) he has to steer an unswerving course over the uneven, fish-scaled cobbles; his balance is a miracle of exact calculation and he is as incapable of getting out of anyone's way as a tram; he gives constant warning of his formidable approach, sometimes by fierce, wordless gruntings, sometimes by a remark as transcribable as "Oy-Oy!", sometimes, but rarely, by such formalized politeness as "Gentlemen-your-backs-I-thank-you!" It was this phrase, in fact, screamed cheerfully into my right ear, that sent me leaping for cover into what proved to be an open post office—and this at six in the morning.

(The Billingsgate pubs, by the way, open at seven for a special four-and-a-half hours' dispensation, and since their ordinary hours begin at half-past eleven the keen drinker can drink from seven until three in the afternoon if his head and his pocket hold out, and if he is a bona-fide Market worker. I asked a policeman, from the purest curiosity, how such a thing could be proved: he shrugged, trying not to look too uneasy over this loophole in the law.)

From the post-office step I was studying the petrified Britannia sitting with her trident (or fish-spear) over the entrance to the Market building, and speculating on the nature of her companions up there, two angry-looking fish cleverly balancing on their tails, when Charlie Field came gliding among the railway vans and nosebagged

horses (everyone breakfasts early in these parts) to complain to me about "shovers-up." It seems that these persons, who are merely engaged to shove laden barrows up, say, Pudding Lane, to the retailers' waiting vans, tend to dignify themselves



by the title of fish-porter. "Not porters at all, see," said Charlie gravely. "Shovers-up, that's what they are. Get into trouble with the police, give out they're porters. Get us a bad name." It seems only fair to get this injustice put right in print; and while I am about it I should like to record that the porters display the most extraordinary cheerfulness and good nature; hauling herring up Botolph Alley, banging barrels of oysters around the Monument, shovelling ice in Fish Street Hill, flinging conger eels about the Market building (the gills afford a splendid natural handhold) or heaving sacks of whelks past the crammed shop-windows of Lovat Lane—"Get your jellied-eel cups and cockle-plates here!"—they all wear the same grin under their leather hat; no man passes another without a greeting or the exchange of some obscure professional quip, and the favourite termination to a chat is "Don't forget!"—which to my mind beats all your *au revoirs* and *auf wiedersehens*.

I followed a barrow-load of bloaters up the hill to Eastcheap, trying to look as much like a shover-up as possible (I learned afterwards that I need only have laid a hand on

the barrow to earn myself sixpence); its destination was Nobby's stand. There is no Nobby at Nobby's stand, any more than there is any Murphy at Murphy's; the so-called stands where the lorries wait to load up are just traditional areas of street without so much as a whitewashed line to define them; the names are traditional too—Nobby's, Murphy's, Tom Luke's, Sam Luke's, Bill the Policeman's and dozens more; when the porter has been loaded with boxes and told "Three score kippers for Black Jim's," his target is pinpointed at once.

In the Market building itself—glass roof, fluted pillars, iron girders, a hundred telephones hanging in small counter-weighted boxes—are the stalls or "shops," their titles and specialties exhibited in blue-and-white enamel. But the actual selling, in these days of controls and allocations, is a less exciting affair than it used to be, and where in the old days innumerable Dutch-auctions clamoured in the scented air, there is now only the slap of halibut, the rattle of Portuguese oysters ("Thirty-five bob a hundred," says Charlie's boss—"the mortality's terrific." Whose?), the tramp of boots, the thunder of dropped boxes and the grating clatter of the iron-wheeled barrows as the allotted loads are hurried away. By ten o'clock or half-past it is all over bar sweeping up and washing down.

Only one thing disappointed me about this bustling, frankly in-fragrant territory between London Bridge and the Tower. I asked Charlie about it, diffidently, as we parted: "What

about all the bad language?" He frowned. "The what?" I explained that Billingsgate English was reputed to have a quality of its own. "Oh, that," he said—"I expect you're thinking of the days when the porters was female. Well—don't forget!"

"I won't," I said.

J. B. BOOTHROYD





"Ever since I appointed the new Careers Master we have been desperately short staffed."

INTERNAL DECORATION—THE SCIENTIFIC APPROACH

THE OLD WALLPAPER

1. This is an extensive intractable mass composed of one or more layers in the vertical plane.

2. The effort expended in removing it may be assessed from the volume of water over the area of the floor.

3. The volume of paper obtained is proportional to the weight of plaster displaced.

4. The sum effect of a body passing constantly over moist fragments can be shown to equal two cubic feet.

THE NEW WALLPAPER

1. This is a vicious spiral increasing in tension towards the centre.

2. It is that which approximates

to a curve in the wall without touching it at any point.

3. When moist it has a negligible modulus of elasticity, hence all lines of least resistance pass through it.

4. The edges of each piece are parallel; with the result that they will not meet on the wall even when stretched indefinitely.

5. The pattern is a series of figures in irregular progression.

6. The distance between the paper and the wall at any point may be expressed as the tangent of an unknown angle.

7. The adhesive force of a unit of wallpaper may be expressed as a function of its size.

8. A parabola is the curve formed by an arbitrary length of paper over an indeterminate figure.

9. When placed at rest on the wall the paper automatically assumes a state of irregular motion.

MISCELLANEOUS

1. The dado is a theoretically horizontal line joining the top edges of the wallpaper.

2. Paste consists of a number of glutinous lumps entirely surrounded by water.

3. A paste-pot is a point encountered on any line passing through the room.

4. A plank is an oscillating body resting upon and extending beyond two movable objects.

5. The square of bare wall above the fireplace is greater in area than the sum of the remaining squares of paper.

ONE GOOD DEED

An Ode, or Something

NOT all of Man's magnificent inventions
Can be thought to fit in with the Creator's
intentions.

For one thing, comparatively few
Of the animals that went in two by two,
Or shared in Eden's joys,
Made a loud and unpleasant noise.

And those with the worst roar, screech, cackle, or bawl,
Were not, it is believed, allowed in Eden at all.

The evidence is extremely thin
That lions, jackals, or parrots ever got in.

But Man's creations,
As a rule, encompass
Marked augmentations
Of row and rumpus.

We are entitled to feel
Pretty proud of the wheel
(Which was absolutely dark
To the crew of the Ark).

But can it be said, friend—can it—
To have made for a quieter planet?
It was a nobler thing to give men gin
Than the internal combustion engine,

For the simple reason that gin
Does not add to the cosmic din
(Always excepting the frantic roar
Which comes from the cocktail-party next-door).

As for flight, I shall not complain
If nobody flies again:
And life, perhaps, would not be so bad
If nobody ever had.

I wish the ghost of Mr. Edison well:
But he is responsible, I believe, for the telephone bell,
Which has rung with persistence
Throughout my existence.

I admire the tireless
Distribution of sound by the wireless.
Life might be bleaker

Without the microphone and loud-speaker
(Though, except when properly used by the sailor,
I cannot tell you how much I resent the "loud-hailer",
Which enables some ass to address me a mile away
While I have no power to say what I'd like to say).

In musical instruments, I do believe,
We are one or two up on Adam and Eve.

The piano, the strings,
Are capital things:

I can pass
Even the brass
(Provided it has
No truck with Jazz).

But, far and near,
I am bound to hear
The particular noise
My fellow-man enjoys—
His lorry, the hoot
Of his horn, or his flute,
His telephone-call, or his turbo jet,
His motor-bike or his barking pet,

Or whatever happens to be
The choice of the B.B.C.

And so may I mention
The one perfect invention?

To you, O Gramophone,
I give full marks alone.

For here, rejoice,
Is Freedom of Choice;
And here, Hurray!
Is Freedom from To-day.

Here, like old wine in some cool cellar stored,
The songs, the music, of an age we hoard;

And when we tire of taps
That give the modern chaps,
Have had enough of Blues,
Of Bebop and the rest,
We can go down and choose
A bottle of the best.

Here can I store

The tune that thunders in a world that wheedles
For evermore

(That is, if I can remember to buy new needles).
Best of the modern toys
That make a noise,

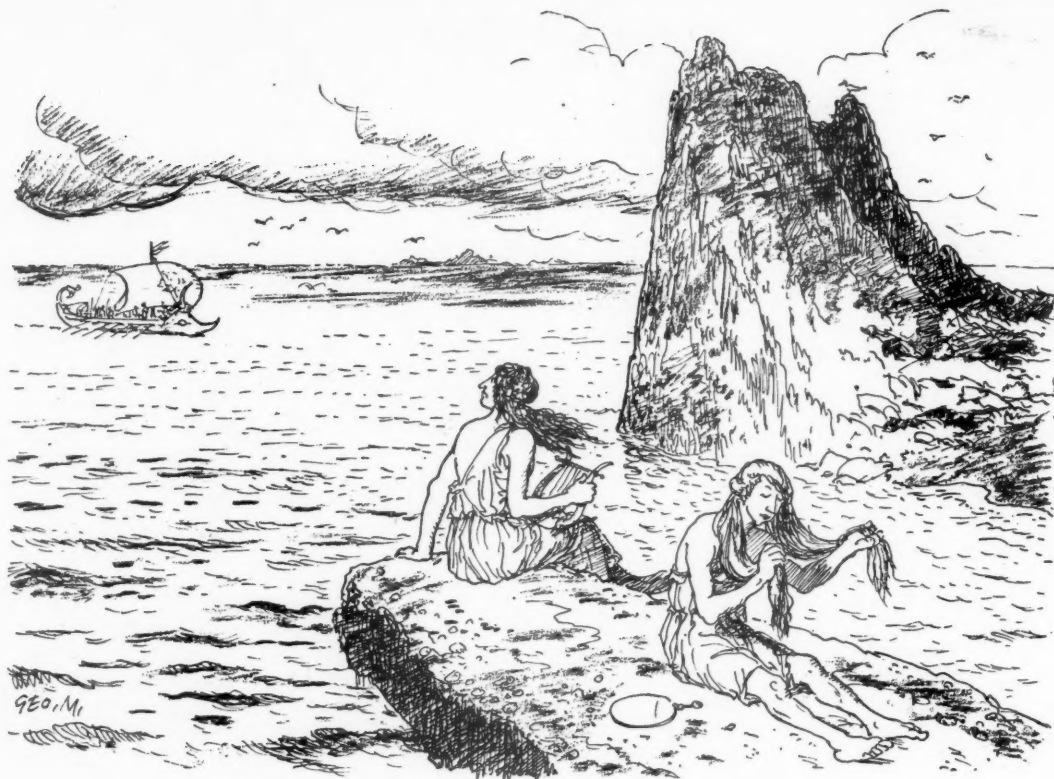
You cater only for your master's joys.

There are not many things that we can do
Without an order—or a licence—to.

But none can say
"This is the one you'll play".

Nay, when I take my record from the shelf,
I am the lord of music—and myself. A. P. H.





"Don't look, dear—here come those dreadful Argonauts."

OPERATION SUNSHADE

MY first reaction to the news of its loss was one of relief. Never again would its awful colour scheme affront my artistic eye. I had tightened its wobbly handle for the last time. The duck with the idiotic stance had passed—with the rest of it—for ever. And how I loathed that duck! My wife, on the other hand, ever loyal to an old friend, had clung to this particular sunshade with a strange devotion. However, now that it was gone, even she seemed to be quite reconciled to its loss. Yet, within a few hours of its disappearance—so inscrutable are the ways of Providence—a vast organization had been set up for its recovery. And I was footing the bill.

It all happened as the result of a remark overheard by Josef, the *portier* of our hotel at St. Moritz. My wife and I had just returned from Pontresina by the afternoon

train. And I was talking to Josef about a drive we had taken around Pontresina, when my wife, suddenly realizing that her sunshade was no longer hanging from her wrist, butted in.

"My sunshade is gone," she informed me quietly. "I must have left it in the car at Pontresina."

That was all. But in an instant Josef was bristling with eagerness to serve.

"I will get it for you!" he cried, already making for his telephone. And the hunt was on.

In vain I tried to convince him that the sunshade wasn't worth the trouble; that it was cheap and nasty, that the handle was loose, and that we had no wish to see it again. He silenced me with a wave of the hand.

"It is nothing!" he assured me, lifting the phone. "I know the hotel where you engaged the car, and will ring them. They will then

obtain the sunshade, hand it to the guard on the evening train, and I will bring it, please, when I go to the station to-night."

We had finished dinner and were in the lounge when Josef came to us with his first report. We were not to worry, he said. The sunshade had been found, and Boots was even then down at the station, fully briefed. As Josef pointed out, Pontresina was only a few kilometres down the line, and there was nothing in it.

Later, however, coming upon Boots and the *portier* in earnest conclave near the lift, we learned that the former had been down to the station no fewer than three times, but that the sunshade had not arrived.

"I'll ring Pontresina again!" cried Josef. And before I could head him off he was at it once more. Also he rang the station. He had got the bit in his teeth.

From what he told me later, I gathered that the arrangements were now watertight. He, Josef, had made it abundantly clear to all concerned that, as we were leaving for Zurich on the morning train, the sunshade must positively be at St. Moritz before that time. There was nothing in it, Josef explained.

But as the evening wore on and further bulletins came in, I detected weaknesses in the liaison work. For example, the reports ran roughly as follows: Sunshade now fully identified through medium of duck. Body operating from Pontresina in close touch with railway officials at St. Moritz. These officials with us to a man. Guard at St. Moritz rudely indifferent when questioned by Owgooste of the kitchen staff. Sunshade in good hands at Pontresina. Ditto positively in ditto at St. Moritz. Idiotic inquiry from somewhere concerning sunshade found in train at Zurich. Sunshade believed to be in transit somewhere.

I saw the manager himself in the morning. He was awaiting us in the hall. And as he hastened to greet us, his fat, good-humoured face was wreathed in smiles. But he broke off short as Buttons appeared, breathless from running, to announce that Josef was even then coming up the hill—without the sunshade. The veins leapt into prominence on the Manager's brow.

"Ach Gott!" he exploded. "Zees ces not goot! Ees ver bad to magke such a foolishness! Adolf! Adolf!" And summoning Boots from the shadows, he sped that menial to the station before hurling himself in the direction of the telephone.

Our luggage was down in the hall by this time, ready for our departure. And I was paying my bill—including supplementary charges for telephone calls—when the *portier* joined us, breathing heavily. There had been many difficulties, he explained; many misunderstandings—and the sunshade was still at Pontresina. But we were not to worry. He, Josef, was standing by. And Owgooste, with Boots, was furthering our interests at the station.

"Your train goes in twenty

minutes, please," said Josef in conclusion, "and if you will go now to the station, I will see you there and explain all."

The position now, according to what Josef told us when we were established on the train, was as follows: An accredited agent, acting on behalf of the Pontresina group, was holding the sunshade against our arrival there. This agent, so ran the amended schedule, would promenade the platform during our brief halt at Pontresina, holding the sunshade conspicuously aloft for our better observation. As Josef explained, it was all perfectly simple. Then the train began to move; Adolf and Owgooste appeared alongside Josef; tips were bestowed; caps were removed; heads were bowed in silent respect; and we were off.

And now, having expended the better part of the sunshade's original cost, common sense dictated that we should make a serious effort to get back *something* for our money. Accordingly, straining every nerve to resemble an Englishman who was looking for his wife's sunshade, I leaned well out as the train slowed down at Pontresina.

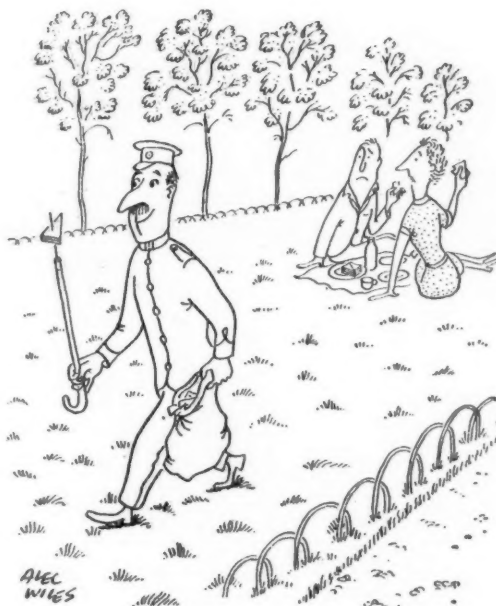
Then I saw it! The Duck! Our

Duck! Bobbing and swaying, high above the heads of the crowd at the far end of the platform, it moved slowly—very slowly—towards us. I leaned farther out as the train came to a halt. I removed my hat and waved it in the general direction of the duck. I whistled. I tried to glimpse the man who was manipulating the duck. But he was hidden amongst the crowd—and the train was moving again! Time was unquestionably on the wing! Only perfect timing could save the situation now. One false step, and the whole vast organization so laboriously set up would collapse in ruin.

But it didn't collapse. For in the next instant a little man, aproned in green baize, had swept up to the window, sunshade in hand. The timing was perfect. In one movement I had flung out a franc, waved my thanks and grabbed the duck.

"Got it?" inquired my wife. She was standing behind me, trembling with excitement. "Have you got it? Where is it? What have you done?"

"I always said it was too loose," I told her bitterly, handing over the duck.



BALLADE OF CONTINUOUS RESISTANCE

WHEN perfect strangers peal my front-door bell,
Greet me by name, shake hands and then prepare

To notify me of their wish to sell
A special kind of plastic underwear,
Proofed against everything including air,
In shades from lobster-red to billiard-green,
I always step in quickly and declare
"I've thought it over and I'm not too keen."

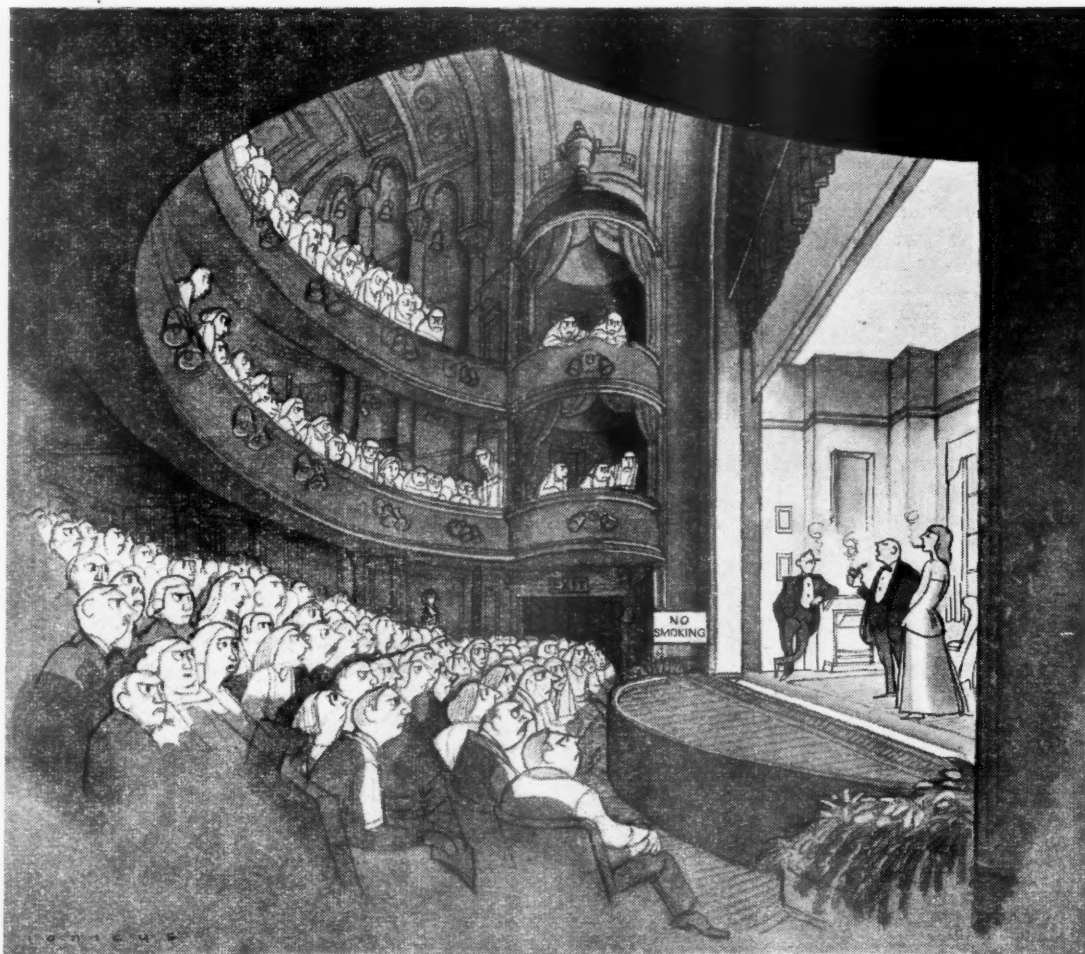
Ah, happy phrase! It is the salesman's knell,
The hawk's doom, the traveller's despair.
Gone are the oaths, the shameful-false farewell;
More subtly now I spurn the baited snare.
My attitude continues debonair—

I simply say "Look here, my dear old bean,
You really would be better off elsewhere.
I've thought it over and I'm not too keen."

So at my castle I stand sentinel,
Steadfast against all such as rashly dare
To summon me unbidden and compel
My custom for a half-dead maidenhair,
A patent broom, the stuffing for a chair,
Face lotions, or some oily stuff to clean
The kitchen grate . . . To each and all I swear
I've thought it over and I'm not too keen.

Envoi

Your mower, Prince, is quite beyond compare;
I never knew a lovelier machine.
I almost dread to ask if you're aware
I've thought it over and I'm not too keen?



AT THE PLAY

Treasure Hunt (APOLLO)—*King's Rhapsody* (PALACE)

A SECOND fading mansion has arrived from Ireland, but whereas the specimen at the Duchess is a neurotic shambles, that in *Treasure Hunt* is a refreshingly un-Freudian folly, a regular meringue of a madhouse. Miss M. J. FARRELL and Mr. JOHN PERRY, who gave us that sparkling comedy "Spring

weapons as mice and wet beds. To add to the confusion there is *Aunt Anna Rose*, who has never been the same since her honeymoon, when her husband fell—some charitably say—from an express, leaving her with an unquenchable love of travel which she indulges in a sedan-chair in the drawing-room, disappearing in-

to it with rugs and hot-water bottles and soon afterwards ringing up, on a special telephone across the room, to complain of the bitter cold of Moscow. Played with entrancing frivolity by Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE, wearing a large bird in her bicycling hat, she is adorable in herself; but also it is known that before embarking on her tragic adventure she had hidden a chain of rubies somewhere in the house, fat enough to set it on its feet again. Her memory is lamentable. Only at the very end does it revive.

The authors discover in all this such

a fund of hilarity that I am afraid I may seem ungrateful in saying that, though I laughed often, the evening never quite reached for me the temperature of comedy it promised. I suppose I was disappointed because, apart from the servants and a splendid taximan, the Ballyroden circus might have been in England; but the real flaw is that the play's fun falls into separate compartments which fail to coalesce. Nevertheless it should certainly be seen. Mr. JOHN GIELGUD's production is feather-light, and, to mention only the leaders of a shining cast, Sir LEWIS CASSON, Miss MARIE LOHR, Miss IRENE BROWNE and Mr. ALAN WEBB are all in excellent heart.

There is not much to say for *King's Rhapsody*, a vast insipid

musical in which Mr. IVOR NOVELLO has pulled out most of the known stops in the organ of easy sentiment. I have a feeling that the Victorian novelette in the kitchen drawer did this sort of thing better and on a more artful scale. Yet a large house applauded to the echo the raptures, the infidelities and the romantic posturings of a Ruritanian court, whose king, zestfully taken by Mr. NOVELLO, amply demonstrates the sorrows of a silly ruler torn between duty and the tiles. Music, medium: several tunes that should stick. Lyrics (Mr. CHRISTOPHER HASSALL), mostly about Loves, Doves, and Little Hearts. Décor, grandiose. Dancing, vigorous but overcrowded. In the face of a heavy blizzard of sugar Miss ZENA and Miss PHYLLIS DARE give spirited performances, and Miss VANESSA LEE and Miss OLIVE GILBERT sing attractively.

ERIC KEOWN

Recommended

DEATH OF A SALESMAN—*Phoenix*—First-rate American tragedy, with Paul Muni.

SUMMER DAY'S DREAM—*St. Martin's*—Priestley's entertaining commentary on modern life.

BLACK CHIFFON—*Westminster*—Flora Robson superb in good family drama.

DAPHNE LAUREOLA—*Wyndham's*—Bridie and Edith Evans both at their best.



[*Treasure Hunt*]

Mind Wandering

Aunt Anna Rose—DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE;
Eustace Mills—Sir LEWIS CASSON

Meeting," can be relied on to tap new veins in the hard-worked Irish mine. In a wilder way their play does for the impecunious gentry of the South what the "Chiltern Hundreds" did for their cousins over here.

On a nice note of satire it opens with a funeral which nobody regrets. The will read, the new baronet and his uncle and aunt are found to be flat broke. The last two, alcoholic limpets of the vaguest kind, talk airily of overdrafts, but their nephew is sick of the family notion of finance and determines that Ballyroden shall pay its way. This means P.G.s, and the trio that come from England expecting the flesh-pots of the past run against an underground resistance movement capably led by the rebellious elders, who employ such sound guerrilla



[*King's Rhapsody*]

Tough at the Top

King Nikki of Murania—
MR. IVOR NOVELLO

SAFEQUARDING THE FRANC

NOW that we have been reassured about the pound, it occurs to me to wonder if the French banks really know what they are doing.

It is natural enough for them to consider the security of the franc a matter of importance, but surely there must be easier ways of ensuring it than the issue to all bank messengers of portable tear-gas apparatus, which now appears to be contemplated.

The apparatus is so arranged that it functions automatically when the bank messenger's satchel is snatched by a thief. This will no doubt give extra confidence to the messenger, but I ask myself how it would work out in practice. You are walking along, say, the Avenue des Champs Elysées, your satchel over your shoulder, your tear-gas apparatus strapped around your waist, with all the safety-catches, triggers and switches cocked and primed. Suddenly, from the shadows of the Rue de la Boétie, emerges a sinister figure. It is Lapin-le-Coco, the ruthless Apache. For a tense moment he lurks unseen behind you; then, bingo! with a lightning movement he snatches your satchel with its precious cargo of forty million francs and streaks away towards the Arc de Triomphe.

At once your protective device begins to function. While the Apache is making his dash for liberty, under the central arch of the monument where the names of the more resounding stations on the Métro are engraved for the benefit of posterity, and out of sight along the Avenue de la Grande Armée, there you stand, blinded by scalding tears as your generator releases

clouds of phenylchloromethylketone into the soft evening air. A pretty fool you look; and so do the *gendarmes* who hasten from all sides, blowing their whistles, brandishing their truncheons and twiddling their moustaches, only to find themselves weeping uncontrollably as soon as they get within a couple of metres of you. Lapin-le-Coco has the forty million francs, and you can all sob your hearts out for any good it will do the unhappy banker who has to interview a client next morning and tell him his account is forty million francs short.

If the banks insist on bringing chemical warfare into their fight against crime, surely they should use laughing-gas rather than tear-gas. Many an excitable Gallic bank messenger might burst into tears unaided at the theft of his satchel, and he needs something to take him out of himself, not to render his depression even deeper. In the open air there would not be a sufficiently high concentration of the gas to cause loss of consciousness; or if there were, an additional device could be attached to the apparatus which would set off a kind of gramophone record playing agonized shouts of "*Au secours!*" and "*Voleur!*" and "*Assassin!*"

One way round the difficulty would be to fix the machine not to the messenger himself but to his satchel. Here is Lapin-le-Coco, innocently following his normal routine, running off with a bag under his arm. Suddenly he notices something embarrassingly wrong. *Sapristi!* Is his face red? Even his best friend would not tell him. By the time he has located the source of his discomfort he is blinded and

helpless, surrounded by a gesticulating crowd of *agents*, *gamins*, *midinettes*, and all the other constituents of a typical Paris hue-and-cry, with the bank messenger somewhere at the back trying to explain to an impatient policeman that he is the victim, not the author, of the crime.

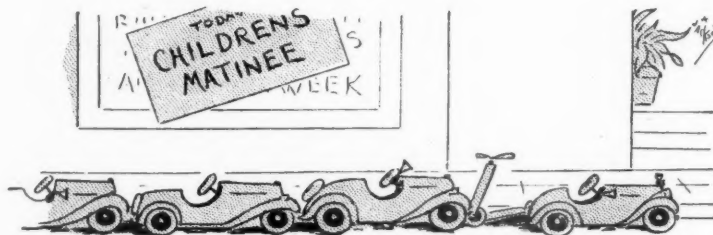
Lapin, however, if he has any presence of mind, will simply swing the satchel about until he has rendered the crowd as blind and helpless as he is. Then he can stuff the money in his pocket, drop the satchel, and lose himself among the weeping bystanders before anyone has had time to go and fetch a respirator.

With further experience, he will learn merely to hold the satchel well away from him as he runs off after his crime, so that while he is outside the cloud of gas his pursuers will be stumbling helplessly through it.

A more effective protection for messengers, which could not fail to succeed, would be to attach a small explosive charge to the satchel, with, say, a five-second fuse which is set off as soon as the satchel and the bank messenger are separated. There is, however, something so essentially unsporting about such an idea that I am sure no decent French bank messenger would even consider it. You might as well arm your messengers with hand-grenades; indeed, there would be a greater element of *le sport* about a hand-grenade, since you would at least be throwing it at a moving target, whereas with the explosive satchel the thief simply hasn't got a chance.

No, all things considered, chemical warfare is out of place as a weapon against the bag-snatcher. If the French franc is really in danger, it should be pegged—preferably to something like the column in the Place Vendôme.

B. A. YOUNG



"Among the interested spectators were a group of American air cadets who saw a detachment of the Scots Guards wearing bearskins, but not the rest of their skins, but not the rest of their full-thrill paces."—*Scottish paper*

Oh, dear, no!

BOOKING OFFICE

Other People's Pleasures

ENJOYMENT in common binds us together more securely than shared dislike. The latter brings with it an awkward after-tow of suspicion; however strongly you appear united with someone in disapproval it is hard to escape the feeling that so hearty a hater must be eager to commit to the flames many things on which you and he would bitterly disagree. Perhaps even yourself. You are apt to think of him as a stern critic, forgetting that for the moment you are one as well. With pleasures, however, there is little room for bitterness. To be told that a man is a beetle-watcher or that he collects door-knobs leaves us still amiably prepared to meet him on different grounds. And when the grounds are discovered, it is the odd little ones that are the most compelling. The stranger in the opposite corner of the carriage can admit that he also takes cold baths without stirring your interest, because the common group is too large; but let him once admit—in a whisper guarded carefully from your fellow-travellers—that he too is consumed by a secret urge to bake a hedgehog in clay, and immediately you and he will be exchanging addresses.

Usually we are obliged to lay innocent traps before we can determine other people's special pleasures, and therefore Mr. J. B. Priestley's *Delight* is something of a feast for the curious. It is a kind of philosophic autobiography, unlogged by dates or facts, made up of over a hundred very short essays, some of them only one paragraph, about the things that have made him glad. These are revealing, and although Mr. Priestley likes to picture himself as a grumbling, portly, slightly ridiculous old gentleman, the impression they give is of a man who retains unspoilt the healthy relish for life which inspired "The Good Companions" and the best of his plays. Here and there the essays are very thin, some—for example, those on guying senior Civil Servants and on the fun of malicious chairmanship—are artificial concoctions and out of place, and some are simply perverse, particularly that in which, giving strangely oblique praise to Shakespeare, he pretends that only amateurs and children can do him justice. He must have heard of Olivier's *Lear*, of Godfrey Tearle's *Othello*, and of one or two other productions which have brought mild satisfaction to the most hardened critics. But in the main his admissions are delightful, capturing and compressing a mort of humanity and humour. Tobacco and the intimate family pleasures are recurrent themes. He ranks high the joy of writing—his defence of simplicity against the modern cult of the obscure is excellent—and also the briefer, sharper joy of having written. Being allowed to make his own peculiar stew, with honey; drinking mineral water in the bedroom of a foreign hotel, after too big a lunch; giving fatuous advice oracularly; reading about foul weather while a gale beats at the windows; music at home; the magic of detective stories, dreams and the Marx Brothers: these are some of his personal treats, and yes, he admits it

rather ashamedly, being recognized by waiters. The final ecstasy to which he looks forward is a galvanically theatrical old age. He says: "I am delightedly preparing to play my part as a ripe and rum old character." Even now he seems to be moving sturdily in the right direction.

Although it ranges more solidly, less gaily, than Mr. Priestley's book, Mr. Frank Swinnerton's *Tokefield Papers, Old and New* is in the same bracket because the much longer essays it contains are mostly a commentary on life as seen, looking back, through the author's own tastes. A few of the pieces included in the original edition of 1927 have been omitted, while others are fresh. A very understanding one deals with the whole question of the art of treats, but this collection also reflects the debit side of pleasure, and at sixty-five Mr. Swinnerton seems to know his dislikes exactly. He writes with less spirit than Mr. Priestley—with whom he shares an old-fashioned desire to be easily understood—and he is inclined, as in "The Duty of Being Agreeable," to moralize rather woodenly where Mr. Priestley cheerfully tosses his views at us and obviously doesn't care—why should he?—how we receive them. But there is also plenty of sound sense here, and admirably expressed, in such rewarding essays as those on Wells and Bennett, on a farewell to reviewing, and on the unfading excitement of going abroad. As a mental passport this last piece is evocative enough to defeat the sternest travel ban.

ERIC KEOWN



"I paint what I see, child."

The Tudor M.P.

Professor Neale's *The Elizabethan House of Commons* is based on a lifetime of research. Its account of the choice of candidates, election procedure, composition of the House, Parliamentary staff and the conduct of business is much fuller than anything previously available and, as with all Professor Neale's work, is lucid and readable; a sequel is to narrate the Parliamentary history of the reign. Professor Neale sees Tudor society as motivated by the desire for consequence; for a local grandee to get his own candidate elected was a demonstration of his status and power. Among the mass of examples are many entertaining stories and, as detail accumulates, the sixteenth century comes to life. The advantage of card-index history is that you are never far away from real people in real places. The disadvantage may be that the larger questions are neither clearly asked nor clearly answered. Perhaps when the work is complete the wood will emerge from the trees.

R. G. G. P.

Behind the Line

Chesterton's serpent—the one that bites his own accursed tail and calls himself Eternity—is the tutelary god of the Italian port described in *The Dark Peninsula*. A life-line for the troops up north, "the first port to really get going," it is a spiritual death-trap for its liberators. This is Mr. Ernest Frost's first novel and naturally flaunts the prose of youth's bias for poetry. The "terrible little circle" described—"pasteboard officers wan with drink," the purposeful colonel of the split infinitive, an "intellectual" private and two women whose sole claim to consideration is their scarcity-value—exist in what the hero strangely calls "that confusion which is normally in creative people." The Italian jungle is slightly less confused and a shade more creative. We end, however, on a good starting-point for a more discerning book: a tribute to those "who insist on the luxury of considering heaven and hell amid the penury of considering money and duty."

H. P. E.



"So these are the cleaned pictures."

Victoria's Laureate

Making full use of family archives from which his uncle was debarred by paternal injunction, Sir Charles Tennyson has given us, at long last, a portrait of his grandfather in three dimensions. Having known him in the flesh, and seeing him still as a hero, he can yet regard him with the objectivity of half a century's distance. In his *Alfred Tennyson* the new candour is combined with the old courtesy. Its earlier chapters are the most interesting, for in the stresses and struggles of a household of unstable and thwarted individualists are to be discovered the sources of the black moods and too easily irritable sensitivity which were the shadows on the poet's undeniable spiritual splendour. That once he was established on his eminence a certain monotony should invade the story was perhaps inevitable, for his life was singularly lacking in external adventure. The lion growled, but accepted his gilded cage. Still, he was an authentic lion.

F. B.

Chewing-Gum and Cherry Blossom

Miss Lucy Herndon Crockett's book, *Popcorn on the Ginza*, is a record of her impressions during eighteen months' work with the American Red Cross in the Tokyo-Yokohama area of occupied Japan. She admits that though she has talked with every type of Japanese—including Buddhist nuns, members of the Imperial household and members of the underworld—she cannot explain the Japanese character, but has observed how the Japanese "are reacting to defeat, democracy and the Allied presence." She observes gaily and wittily, and embellishes her anecdotes with enchanting black-and-white sketches. Some of her chapters depict Japan as a glittering paradise for G.I.s. Others tell of the horrors below the gay surface. One reads of a sergeant's wife who trained her maid to follow her round with cigarettes and ash-trays, and one reads too of the *lumpen*, or hopeless dregs of the country, who gather round hotel garbage cans.

B. E. B.

Books Reviewed Above

- Delight*. J. B. Priestley. (Heinemann, 10/6).
Tokenfield Papers, Old and New. Frank Swinnerton. (Hamish Hamilton, 10/6)
The Elizabethan House of Commons. J. E. Neale. (Cape, 18/-)
The Dark Peninsula. Ernest Frost. (John Lehmann, 9/6)
Alfred Tennyson. Sir Charles Tennyson. (Macmillan, 30/-)
Popcorn on the Ginza. Lucy Herndon Crockett. (Gollancz, 15/-)

Other Recommended Books

- The Last Tycoon*. F. Scott Fitzgerald. (Grey Walls Press, 8/6) The author's last novel, unfinished at his death in 1940. Much of it is written though not finally revised; the course of the rest of the narrative is clear from notes and outlines. A fascinating study for all writers, absorbing for any reader as a character-study against a Hollywood background.
Sinister Street. Compton Mackenzie. (Macdonald, 10/6) One of the most interesting and attractive of recent reprints, with a reminiscent introduction by the author describing the fuss that attended its first publication thirty-five years ago and admitting that his slight corrections for the new edition include "the excision of nearly two hundred superfluous 'verbs'."
The Skeleton in the Clock. Carter Dickson. (Heinemann, 9/6) Rich mixture of horror, homicide and Sir Henry Merrivale for lovers of complication in plot and gruesomeness in setting.

THE WORD

MY Uncle Hamish was a pretty important person in the up-country station in India where he lived for some years in the early 'twenties. As such he was expected to do the Right Thing, and, so far as the other Europeans were concerned, the Right Thing was to ask them round to tea on the first and third Sunday of every month. The second and fourth were the prerogative of the bank manager, and any others that cropped up were, I believe, drawn for out of a hat. It cannot be too clearly emphasized that it was the *loser* who had to stand the racket.

Entertaining was a leisurely business in those days. There were no wireless sets to make conversation difficult, and that modern cure for insomnia, the ciné projector, was still in the distant future, together with its endless holiday films of yachts sailing up steeply sloping horizons. In fact apart from local slander—real or manufactured—interest centred chiefly on the lengthy discussion of one's own private life, about which, you could be assured, everyone knew more than you. Needless to say, this inevitably brought up the question of children.

My Uncle Hamish had two children. Angus and Rupert they were called, and a more dangerous couple of young hellions it would be difficult to meet. Their mother put it differently. She said they were Very Advanced For Their Age.

Working on this gratuitous assumption, it was the custom of their mother, my aunt, to produce these angelic little ruffians after the tea had been cleared away, and to put them through their paces to the accompaniment of her guests' easily veiled enthusiasm. One trick in particular was most popular with the poor misguided woman. Sitting in a chair with an animal picture-book on her lap, and with one boy on each side, she would slowly turn over the pages while they named the animals. In this manner one could count on passing half an hour of



"I'd like the cop at Main and Forty-sixth Street to see that li'l traffic pedestal."

utter boredom without too much actual physical pain, though the drain on one's self-control was severe. As a party trick it lacked that sense of climax.

This, however, was dramatically supplied by Angus and Rupert. While walking with their *ayah* through the bazaar they chanced upon two soldiers who were engaged in heated and vociferous argument. The subject of the argument was obscure, but there was no doubt that both were taking it most seriously. They were, in fact, employing language beyond the powers of lay imagination, tossing it to the winds with powerful diaphragms developed for precisely that purpose. The *ayah*, a stolid soul, hurried the two boys past the uproar for fear of besmirching their innocence. But, alas! she was not quick enough, and one word floated out of the mêlée to impinge firmly on their only too receptive ears.

It was not the sort of word for general use. In short: "—!"

Armed with this delicious secret—secret, that is, from their parents—they simpered into the drawing-room the following Sunday, and took up their positions in readiness for the appearance of the animal picture-book.

All went well for the first few pages. Angus got his lion and panther dead right, while Rupert was ten-out-of-ten on tigers and camels. Mother beamed, and father dozed nasally.

They arrived at the hyena.

"What's that, Angus?" asked my aunt.

There was a pause. Angus looked at Rupert. Rupert looked at Angus. Then . . .

"That's a '—,'" said Angus firmly.

To appreciate the position more clearly it should be understood that my aunt was a delicately nurtured

creature who was unused to this sort of treatment. My uncle's case was quite different. He had spent three years before the mast, and when, therefore, he heard this outspoken malediction bandied about in his drawing-room it took him some time to pin down its source. When at last he was persuaded that Angus really had said it, he went into action with commendable speed. The boys were removed, cautioned and sent to bed with no supper.

And there the matter rested—until the next Sunday Tea came round, and with it the animal picture-book.

Once again lions and panthers, tigers and camels were shown and identified with aplomb, and all went well until the hyena made its appearance. It was Rupert's turn this time.

"What's that, Rupert?" asked my aunt.

There was a familiar pause. Rupert looked at Angus. Angus looked at Rupert. Mother looked fixedly at the book. Father looked equally fixedly at the ceiling. Then...

"That's a '—,'" said Rupert.

This time, so far as father was concerned, the penny dropped straight away. There was no time-lag. He rose to his feet, scooped up his two sons, and took them to their room, whence there came the unmistakable sound of severe chastisement. When he returned he was a

little breathless, which was not very surprising. Hard work, children.

After a short period of disgrace the two boys were eventually accepted back into the family circle with more or less full rights of citizenship. This, I feel, is the only excuse for their presence at the next Sunday Tea, and for the fact that the animal picture-book was once more set out on my aunt's lap.

It was like seeing a film that you have already seen before. Lions

and panthers were absolutely top notch: tigers and camels, O.K.

We arrived at the hyena. It was Angus's turn.

"What's that, Angus?" asked my aunt, and blenched. She had intended to skip that page.

Angus looked at Rupert. Rupert looked at Angus. Father clutched the arms of his chair and muttered something in Pushtu. Then...

"Angus," said Rupert, "that's not a '—.' That's a hyena."

§ §

SONG BEFORE SUNRISE

IT is too late to-night to think of any
Reason for rising, when the mad dawn returns;
Too late, and far too late, to write the many
Wrong-headed thoughts with which my dull
brain burns—
Burns like the luckless crimson-tippit daisy,
All slender in the stour;
It is too late, and I am far too lazy
At this unearthly hour.

Now is the time when Fancy's beating pinions
Labour to lift the suet-pudding brain;
Now Sleep, the sad-eyed guard of Night's dominions,
Waves his green flag and whistles down the train.
A song there was, a brook of unforgotten
Melody in my head—
Thrillingly-sweet and—what's the next word?—
rotten...

I think I'll go to bed.

G. D. R. DAVIES

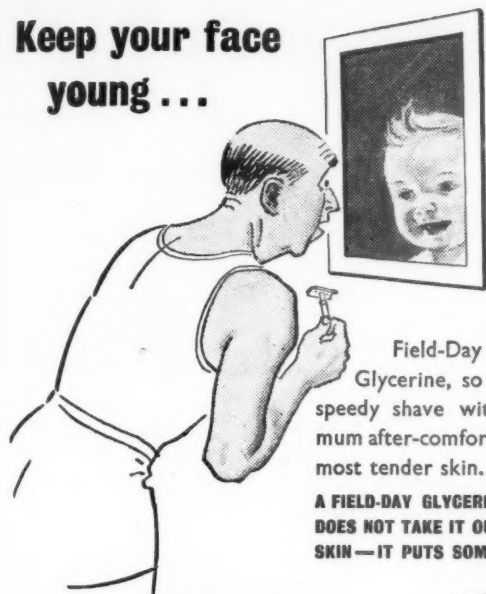


"No, I can't make my rations go very far either."

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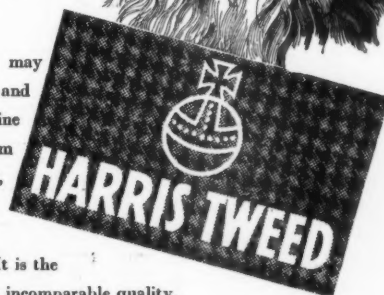
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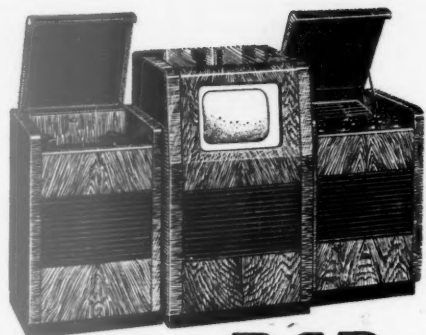


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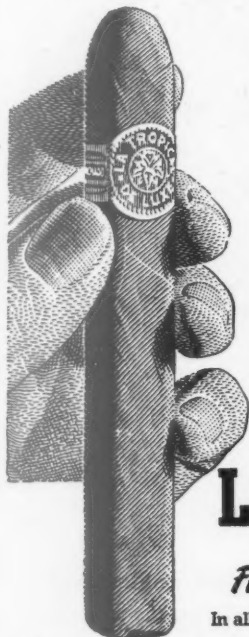
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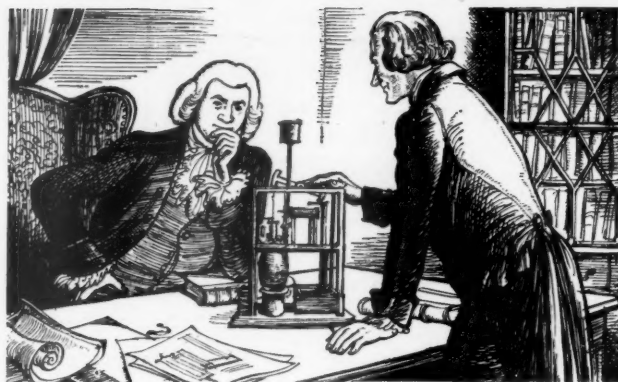
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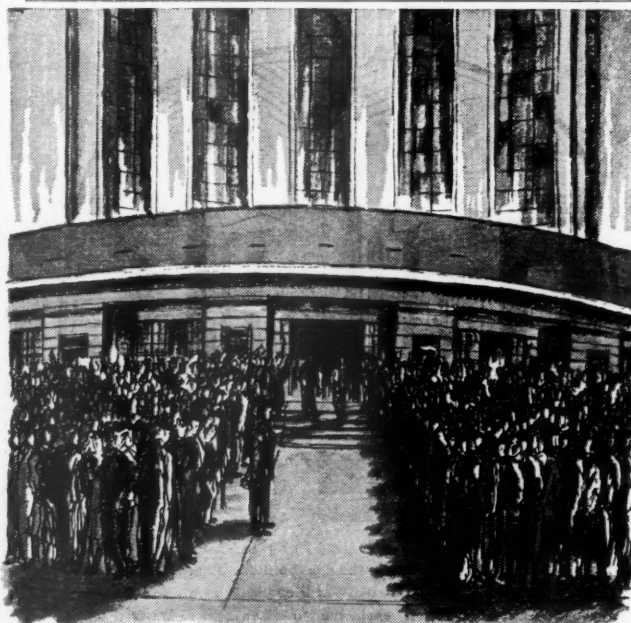
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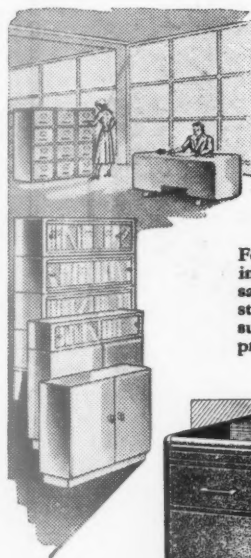
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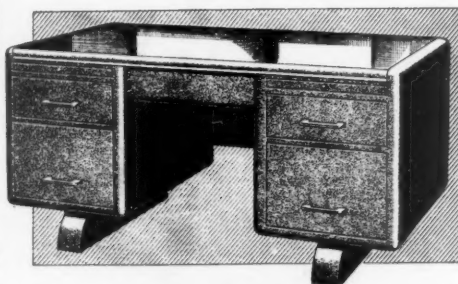
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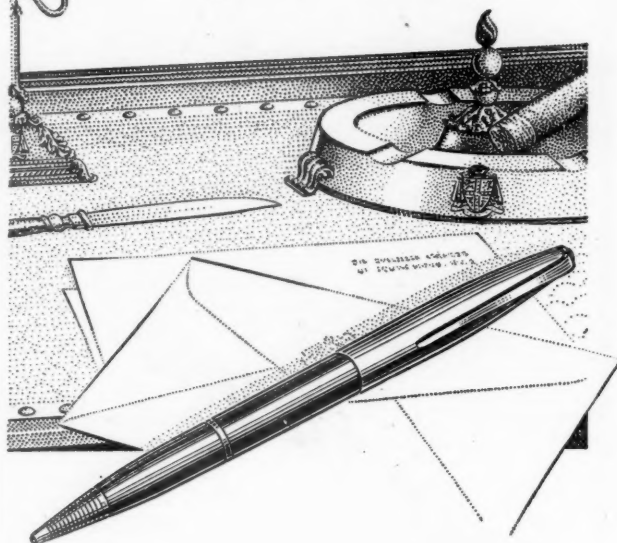


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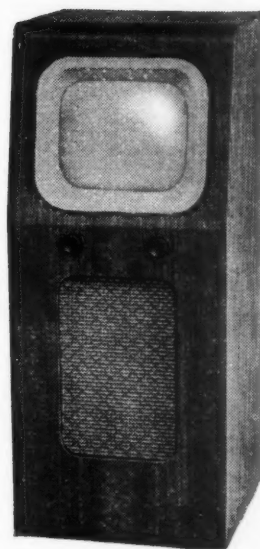
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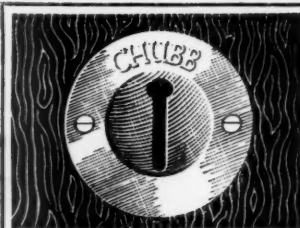
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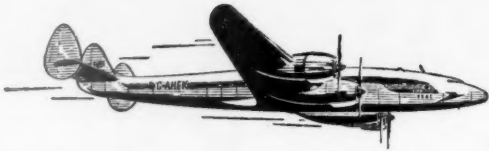
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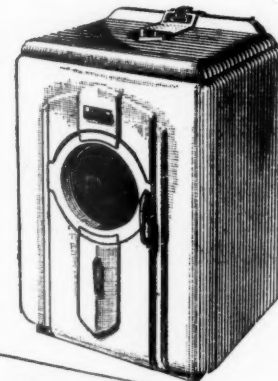


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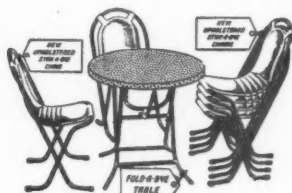
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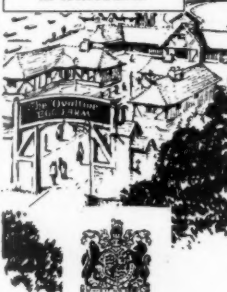


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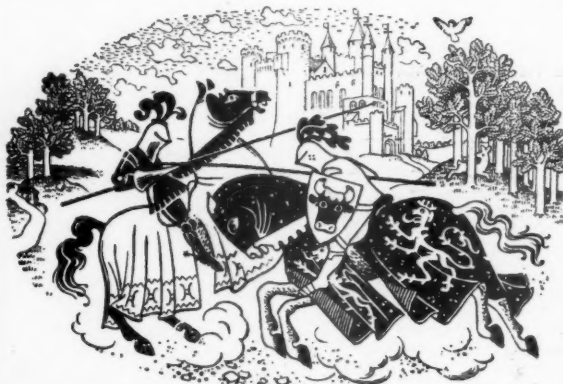
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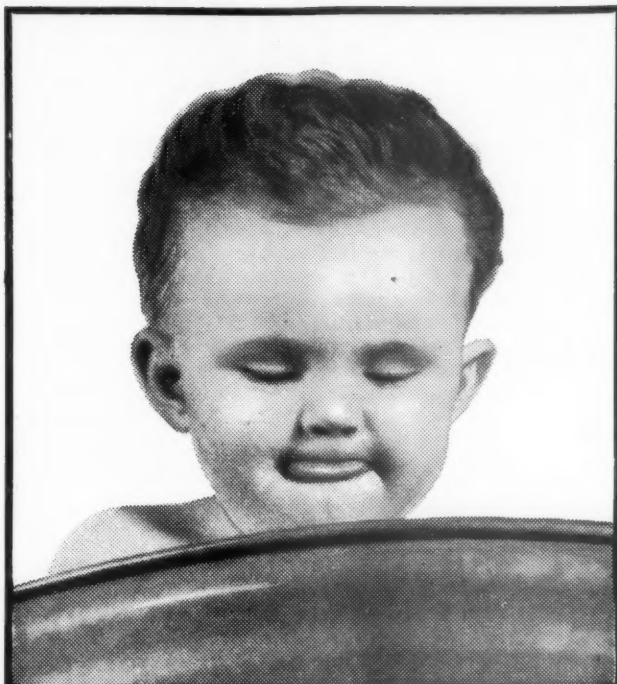
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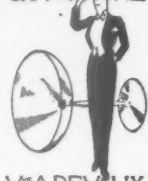
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Tracing the causes of this mistaken habit is too long a process here, so I will simply point out that in the past it has not been solely disparity in price but also a non-appreciation of the high merits of Champagne as a wine.

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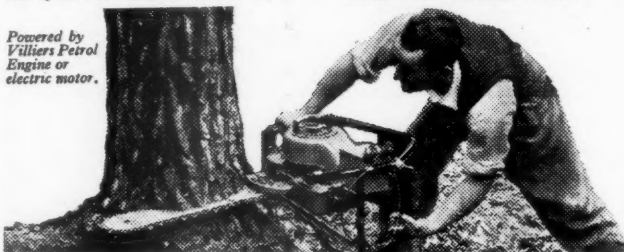
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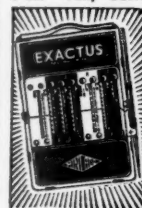
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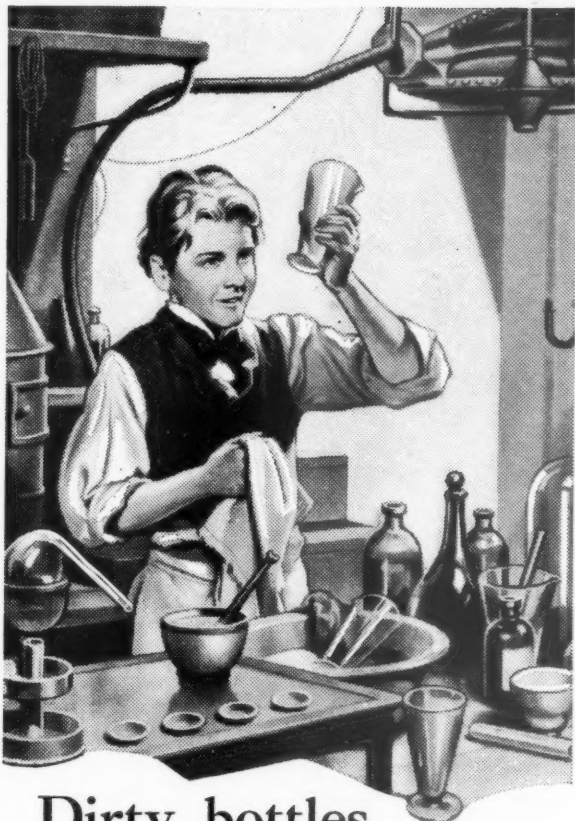
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The date of our picture is 1909 when there were 86,419 motor vehicles on our roads (or one between every five hundred people!). Immense developments in our motor industry were obviously needed to multiply that figure to to-day's total of nearly three million. Have you ever thought of the corresponding expansion and change in the steel industry? Steel has had to be made not only for the motor vehicles themselves, but also for the machine tools used in their production and for the refineries which supplied them with petrol and oil. Then there was also all the steel needed for railway trains and bridges, for ships and docks, for aircraft, for mines and skyscrapers, for a thousand and one things large and small, from power stations to safety pins.

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Many different kinds of steel are made for the motor industry — for crankshafts, valves, gear wheels, ball bearings, transmission, frame, road wheels, body panels, and accessories. The average car requires in all about a ton of steel.

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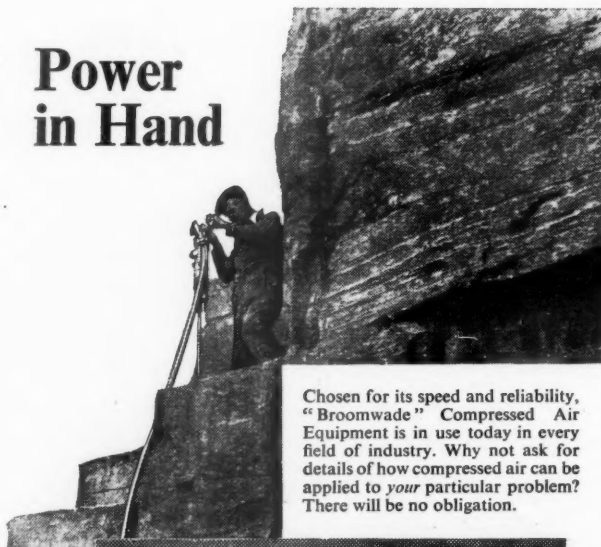
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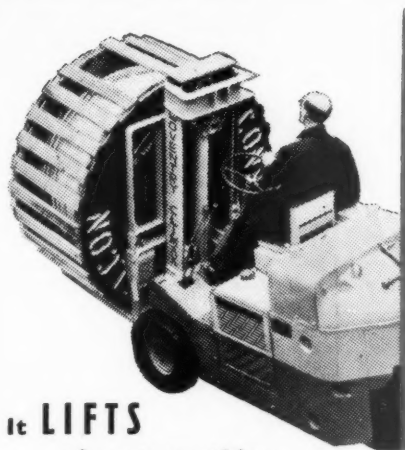
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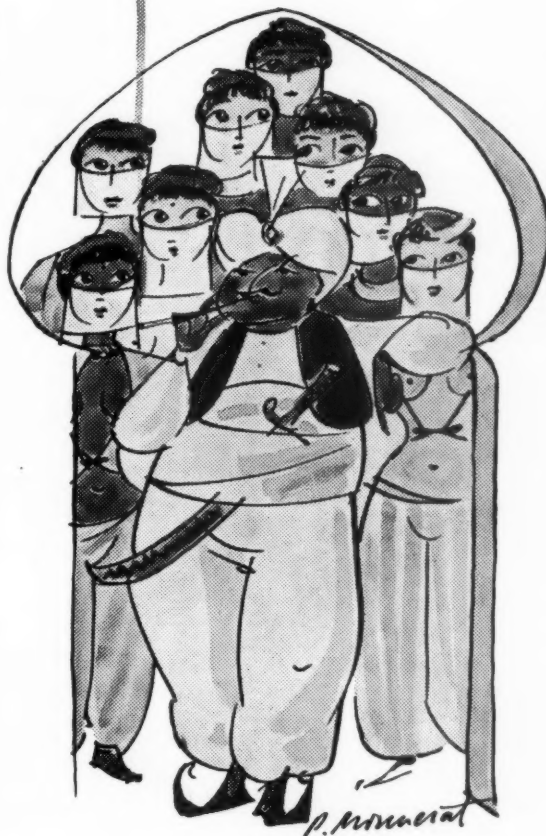


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